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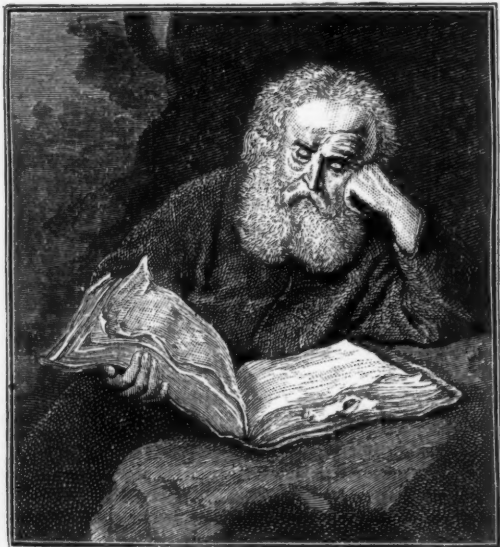
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*THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY.*



'Out of eternity this new day is born  
Into eternity at night doth return.  
Behold it aforesaid no eyes ever did,  
So soon it for ever from all eyes is hid,  
Here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?'  
TENNYSON.

**TO THE WISE.** 'Nor love thy  
life, nor hate; but what thou livest  
live well.'—MILTON.

**TO THE FOOLISH.** A man  
without wisdom lives in a fool's  
paradise.

**ADVICE TO WOULD-BE SUI-  
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Many hold their lives so cheap as to com-  
mit the terrible crime of suicide. Instead,  
however, of recklessly attaining that end  
by poison, the rope, pistol, or knife, &c.,  
we recommend the following modes—as  
being more natural, and quite as effectual:  
Wear thin shoes on damp nights, and  
keep every apartment air-tight. Keep the  
mind in a round of unnatural excite-  
ment, by politics (to enable you to produce  
election fever), trashy novels, and gam-  
bling speculations, either on cards, racing,  
or stock. Go to operas, minstrel concerts,  
theatres, in all sorts of weather, and,  
when steaming hot with perspiration, rush  
into the cold air with your coat or shawl  
hanging over your arm. In balls dance  
till exhausted, and then go home in your  
pumps through the damp streets and air.  
Sleep on feather beds in the smallest and

closest room in the house. Eat immoderately of hot and stimulating diet. Never drink anything weaker than  
strong tea, nor anything stronger than neat whisky or brandy. Teach your children early to drink strong coffee,  
chew or smoke tobacco. Marry in a hurry, and growl and repent for the rest of your life. Never masticate  
your food, but bolt it like a serpent. Follow any exciting or unhealthy business if money can be made at it, so  
that your friends may console themselves for your early death. Never go to bed before midnight, and then with  
a full stomach. Eat little niceties, such as pastries, unripe fruit, lunch, wine, &c., between meals. Be always in  
a passion, either of anger or love.

WHEN AILING pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation. Always avoid Eno's  
FRUIT SALT. Attempt no conformity to the laws of life, but gormandise to your utmost bent, and you will be  
surprised to learn of the body what—

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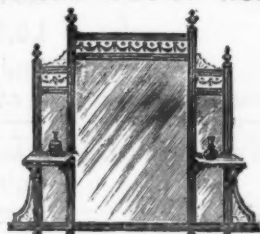
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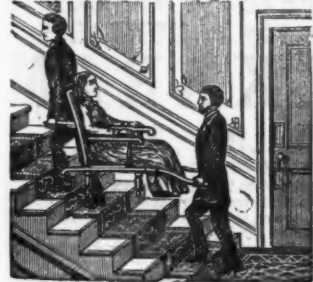
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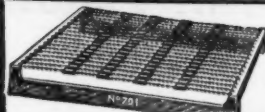


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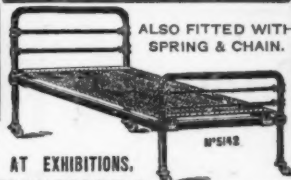


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SEPTEMBER 1886.

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

## *Children of Gibeon.*

BY WALTER BESANT.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE LADY WITH THE PARASOL.

THERE are some institutions, some kinds of wickedness, some classes of men, some modes of suffering, which seem, to people of the gentle life, outside the possibility of any connection with themselves. They belong to another kind of creature, only outwardly resembling them. The Prison, for example, is an institution only known to most of us by hearsay: those kinds of sin which bring upon us the man in blue, are such as we think we shall never commit—the disgrace, shame, and remorse of crime, are among the emotions which we shall never feel. This way of looking at life is, of course, misleading, because everything becomes possible when one is tempted.

Valentine had learned already that the girl Polly, whom she personated, was the daughter of a dead convict: she learned now that the dead had returned to life, and was prepared to heap coals of unspeakable disgrace upon everybody connected with him, unless she could stave him off. And in Ivy Lane, under the same roof, were the man's daughter and the man's chief victim; for there could not be, even in Mr. Carey's remarkable career, another instance of wickedness quite so bad as the case of Mr.

Lane; and every night, also in Ivy Lane, sharing the same bed with his own daughter, was his victim's daughter. There cannot possibly be any misfortune much worse to bear than a disgraceful father. A foolish father, a spendthrift father, a miser, a brute, an evil liver, a selfish father—these are common, and have often to be endured. But to have such a father as James Carey, Prince of Burglars, that is indeed a cross not often laid upon suffering humanity. To be sure he was not Valentine's father; but she felt as if, but for the accident of Violet being Polly, he might have been. When she went home in the morning the little room upon which this Evil Spirit might at any time intrude his detestable presence if he found out the place, seemed like an Oasis of Rest, with its flowers and pictures. Lotty was lying on the bed, now her permanent abode; her eyes were closed, but she was not sleeping, and she welcomed Valentine's return with a smile of affection which went straight to her heart, and filled her eyes with tears. When one is in great trouble even a little thing will sometimes do this.

'My dear,' Valentine said, kissing her, 'have you had a good night? I was obliged to stay at Tottenham.'

'I am always having bad nights now. Melenda's been sitting up with me—I've been dreadful bad—I'm glad it wasn't you again.'

'But Melenda was working all day—she must not sit up all night.'

'She liked doing it—oh! Valentine'—Lotty held out her thin hand to take Valentine's—'she is always half starved—we were all half starved till you came—and now work is slack: and what will she do, poor thing? And she's harder and more independent than ever!'

'What can I do for her?' She thought of a danger almost worse than starvation. 'Lotty, we are all in terrible trouble.'

'Not you, Valentine—you haven't got any trouble, have you?'

'Yes, I have, Lotty—but don't talk about it.'

'And I'm such a burden to you! Oh! if I could get better. I'll show you, and Melenda too, as soon as I get better.'

'Yes, dear—don't think of yourself as a burden, Lotty. The trouble has nothing to do with money.'

'Melenda's jealous,' Lotty went on. 'But she's not so jealous as she was—she doesn't sniff any more when she looks at your pretty things. In the night, when she thought I was asleep, she

began to cry—she kept on crying. Do you think she cried about the work being slack? I never saw her cry before, except when she was in a rage!’

Valentine turned her face away. There was reason enough for Melenda’s crying in Lotty’s hollow cheeks and lustrous eyes, in her weakness and her bad nights.

It was the Doctor’s morning. He called, and gave his patient a few directions. Then Valentine followed him down the stairs. He replied to the unspoken questions which he read in her eyes:

‘I think, exactly and truthfully, that she may last perhaps till the spring. That’s all there is to think.’

‘Poor Lotty!’

‘When the weather gets chilly you might send her to Ventnor or somewhere, if she can travel, and so prolong her life a little—it’s my business to prolong life. But’—he pointed to the direction of Melenda’s room—‘is that kind of thing worth living for? Perhaps there is something beyond, and perhaps there isn’t. I’d rather take my chances on the other side, if I were Lotty, than stay here. Not that she will be asked—poor girl!—which she’d rather have.’

‘She is happier now; she seems to forget the past miseries. It is something for her to have sufficient food and to rest.’

‘And when you go away, what is to prevent all the miseries coming back?’

‘The past shall never return, for her or for the others, Doctor, if I can help it. We may be powerless against the system which makes slaves of these girls, but we can do something for one here and there!’

‘I believe you are the Countess of Monte Cristo! I hear the same story about you wherever I go. I wonder if your ladyship keeps millions in the cupboard?’

‘No; my millions are not there.’

‘Has your ladyship a sister called Melenda?’

‘Perhaps.’

‘You are not well this morning,’ said the Doctor, changing his tone; ‘you’ve got a black ring round your eyes, and your cheeks are white. What’s the matter with you?’

‘I am in great trouble,’ said Valentine, ‘but I cannot tell you what it is.’

‘Well—anyhow, don’t vex your soul about the women. We’ll get the Labour League some day and work wonders; see if we

don't. The men shall rule it, though—it's good for women to be ruled by men.'

Then Valentine sat down and waited, curious to learn what the convict would do next.

The convict behaved exactly as might have been expected of him, only with greater promptitude; for the very next day, Valentine got a letter from him, addressed to the almshouse, stating that, by a most unfortunate accident, he had lost the sovereign she had given him and was now penniless, but full of trust that his daughter would see her repentant father through.

She made no reply to this letter. Two days afterwards there came another. A most magnificent chance occurred, he said, by which, for thirty pounds down, he could secure a tobacconist's shop, a going concern, with a connection in the newspaper line. Only thirty pounds wanted to establish himself in a Christian way for life! He would give up her allowance altogether in consideration of the thirty pounds.

Valentine read this letter carefully. The man was certainly feeling his way. As for giving him the money, that, of course, was out of the question. Her only chance with him, she thought, was to make him understand clearly that he would get nothing if he did not comply with the conditions. She resolved on seeing him again, though with misgivings. She wrote to him, therefore, telling him to meet her in the gardens at the back of St. Luke's, on Saturday morning at twelve.

Mr. Carey kept the appointment. He came, however, half an hour before the time, and he was accompanied by a girl. She was dressed soberly and respectably. She wore a thick veil and carried a parasol with a black lace fringe—one of those instruments by means of which ladies can observe others without being themselves observed. They are adapted for Modest Curiosity, or for Curious Modesty, or for anything in the Detective and Secret Search Line.

'She isn't come,' said the man, looking about. 'Very well, then, she'll come directly. All you've got to do is to sit here and wait till she goes out. Then you get up and follow her, and find out where she lives and come and tell me.'

'That's right, Daddy,' said the girl, grinning. 'It isn't the first time I've done that! Oh, isn't it beautiful to see them walk right away, unsuspecting, and me on the other side of the road, quiet and takin' no notice, and generally a good bit behind, till



they get home? And next morning some of us calls, and the game begins!’

‘Never you mind about the next morning,’ said Mr. Carey; ‘that’s my look-out. You just find out where she lives—that’s what you’re paid to do!’

‘Very well, Daddy.’ This girl will, no doubt, some day be taken on in the Detective Service; but at present she is the confidential employée of a small, modest, and retiring Syndicate, for whom she finds out all kinds of secrets connected with houses and their private interests; shops, shopmen, and clerks, religious professors and their private characters, gambling and betting clubs and their associates. When, after infinite pains, lies, pretences, and inventions, chiefly by the aid of this clever young lady, they have got possession of a secret, they begin to *exploiter* it for their own purposes; that is, they sell the secret or their own silence and sometimes make considerable sums of money, and on the whole, when the young lady is active and has been fortunate, they do very well indeed. Sometimes, however, they get into Prison.

‘Well, Daddy,’ said the girl, ‘I found out about the old woman’s sons for you, didn’t I?’

‘I don’t say you didn’t. You were paid for it handsome. But it’s been no use to me yet.’

Mr. Carey left her on the seat and began to walk up and down the asphalté walk, with one eye suspiciously turned upon the policeman, much as a partridge, even out of the season, may regard a man with a gun.

Valentine arrived presently, only a few minutes late. Mr. Carey perceived, from a certain look of contumacy in her eyes, that she was likely to give him trouble. He held out his hand, however, in a fatherly and forgiving spirit.

‘You have written to me,’ she said, rudely refusing to take it; ‘you have written two letters to me. One contained a falsehood about losing the sovereign I gave you, the other also contained a falsehood about a shop.’

‘No, Gawspél Truth—not a falsehood; and it’s a most beautiful chance. I shall never get such a chance again. The shop is next door but one to a Chapel, too. Oh, how handy for the Means of Grace!’

‘I told you the other evening, and I tell you again, that you will have no more money from me than the pound a week I have



offered you; and if you break my conditions, you will have nothing at all. Now do you understand?’

‘Well, my dear, I thought you’d say that. Most of ’em do, till they feel the screw a bit. Then they talk reason.’

‘Nothing. That is all I have to say to you. Now you may go.’

‘Look here, my girl,’ he tried to bluster; but somehow the girl’s face, or the near presence of the policeman, abashed him, and he spoke in little more than a whisper. ‘Look here—your father’s a ticket-o’-leave man, and your name isn’t Monument at all, but Carey; and you’re the daughter of a Convict and a Burglar, and you’re ashamed of it. That’s what you are. Very well, then, it’s like this: you’re ashamed of it more than a pound a week, and you’ve got to pay up accordingly.’

‘You shall have nothing more.’

‘P’raps you can’t lay your hands on thirty pound all at once. Lor, I don’t want to press you, and p’raps I can help you to get it off of somebody that has got it. There’s a lover or a husband about—oh, I know. And he mustn’t never know, must he? Husbands and lovers mustn’t know about the ticket-o’-leave men, must they? P’raps you’re married and there’s babies. Very well, then, naturally you don’t want the babies never to learn about the great Burglar, though p’raps when they’re old enough they may be glad to crack a crib and thankful of the chance. But there’s a prejudice against Burglars, ain’t there? You’d give a great deal not to have your father in your house, wouldn’t you? Why, there, we’re agreed already.’

‘I suppose I must hear what you have to say.’

‘Why, of course you must. Very well, then.’ He coughed and looked at her with some hesitation, because he was wondering how far he might go, and what figure he might name, and he considered her dress and external appearance carefully before he spoke. The gloves decided him, though perhaps the boots helped. It is only the really prosperous who have both good boots and good gloves. Mr. Carey, an old student of human nature, remembered so much. ‘I want more than thirty pound—I want a hundred——’

‘Do you?’

‘A hundred pounds. I’m ready to take that money, partly in valuables and partly in gold—partly to-day and partly the day after to-morrow.’

‘You must ask someone else for the money then.’

‘I shall ask my wife. At the almshouse.’

'You cowardly villain! Then you will get nothing!'

'I shall ask my sons then, one after the other. I know where they are, all of them.'

Valentine changed colour. The man had already found them out then!

'You see, my pretty,' he went on, with a mocking grin, 'your father isn't quite such a fool as you thought him—not quite such a fool. And he's been making a few inquiries. Joe works for a plumber; most respectable Joe is; and Sam's a schoolmaster, highly thought of; and Claude's in the Temple, where the lawyers live. As for you, my pretty, you—with your lover or your husband—I haven't found out yet, because I haven't tried. But I shall find out as soon as I do try. All of 'em will be delighted to see me, though they have cast off their father's name, and I dare say your lover will be as pleased as Sam and Joe will be pleased when I show up.'

The girl recovered her presence of mind.

'You will do just exactly as you please,' she said quietly. 'You have heard what I had to say.'

'And you shall do just exactly as I please,' he replied with a rough oath. 'A hundred pound. That's my first and last offer. I ask no more and I take no less. I don't ask you where the pound a week comes from, do I? Very likely it's the house-keeping money, or it may be out of the till. Who the devil cares where it comes from?'

She made no sign, standing with folded hands, and eyes which looked as if she had not heard.

'It's so easy done,' he went on. 'It isn't as if I wanted anything dangerous or difficult. I'll take all the danger myself! There's lots of ways—there's a cheque and a signature—I shouldn't want any more than that. You get me a signed cheque, and I'll alter the amount—I know how to take out the writin' and put in fresh. There's a door left unlocked at night p'raps—or there's just the little straight tip where the valuables is kept; or may be there's the least bit of help when the till's got to be cleared! Mind you, my dear, I don't value no lock nor bolt ever invented, not a brass farthing. You needn't be a bit afraid of me—not one bit. Money or money's value—it's all the same to me. Just turn things over in your mind, Marla, my dear, and you'll come to reason, I'm sure.'

'Oh!' said Valentine, 'surely this man is the most wicked wretch in the world!' Nothing ever astonished Mr. Carey more

than his daughter's plainness of speech. She had even boxed his ears; and he shrank from her in cowardly terror lest she might do it again. Now, it is not often that a man can boast of a daughter who has both boxed his ears and called him names. Such daughters are rare. Even King Lear's elder daughters did not reach this level.

'Now,' she said, facing him with a resolution which he admired, 'listen to me again. I will give you no money except this pound a week. Remember, that as for getting you a hundred pounds—begging it, borrowing it, or stealing it—I will have nothing to do with it. And if you dare to show yourself to my mother or my brothers, you shall have nothing more from me at all. Do you hear? Nothing! And this I solemnly swear to you, because I suppose you will not believe a simple promise.'

His eyes dropped, and he made no answer. Then he began to protest that he wanted nothing but an honest livelihood, and to show his repentance, throwing in the Scripture phrases which reeked so frightfully of the prison, when she interrupted him again:

'There is one thing I might do for you.'

'What is that?'

'I might send some one to you who would make you an offer——'

'What kind of offer?'

'So much a week, if you would go abroad and stay there.'

'What! And leave London, when I have only just come out?'

'Yes, you would have to leave England. It would be a liberal offer.'

'Leave England? And at my age? Never!'

'You have heard what I had to say. Now go. Leave me here. Take your detestable presence out of my sight!'

Mr. Carey obeyed, with mental reservations about the future, and the revenge he would take on this unnatural child. He had yet, however, to discover where and how she lived, and why she was so anxious to keep the knowledge of his existence from her brothers.

As for Valentine she felt inclined to communicate to the Policeman in the gardens certain new ideas as regards the Penal System. It ought to include, she would have told him, provision for the incarceration of such a man as this for life. He should be allowed such special luxuries as tobacco, rations of drink, and permission to keep his gas alight till—say ten o'clock

at night. But he should never be allowed to go back to the world for a single day. The place of his incarceration need not be called a prison, perhaps, but a Penitents' Retreat, or some such name, so as to soften the apparent cruelty of the sentence. She did not, however, communicate these ideas to the policeman; but she left the garden and walked away. The girl with the parasol and the black fringe round it got up from the seat and went out after her slowly. The policeman looked on and noted the circumstance. First, one girl comes to the garden with a man. Then another girl comes. Man converses with that girl. First girl waits. Then second girl goes away alone. First girl follows second. There was a little game up. But he was on duty in the garden, and he could not follow and observe.

Valentine was a very easy person to follow and watch, because she walked quickly, looked neither to the right nor to the left, and was so absorbed in her own thoughts that the woman might have walked at her very elbow without attracting her suspicions.

She crossed the City Road and walked along the street until she came to Hoxton Street, when she turned to the left. The girl followed. Valentine went on nearly to the end of the street, when she turned into a mean and shabby street. The girl stood at the corner and watched. There was a public-house in the street. Perhaps she was going there, but she was not. She entered a house exactly opposite the public-house. The spy stood at the corner, with one eye on the house, and waited, looking at the shop windows for a few minutes. She could not be living there—that was absurd. Young ladies cannot live in such a place. Presently, however, as she did not come out, the spy turned into the street, and as there was no one about of whom she could ask any questions, she went into the public-house and 'took' something.

'Isn't there a young lady,' she asked the potman, 'as comes and goes in the house opposite?'

'There is just,' replied the young man, who had taste. 'And what do you want with her? Because, you see, if you mean any harm to her, you'd best clear out of Ivy Lane.'

'I mean harm? Why, bless the man, I worships the ground she treads on. A sweet lady! Where does she live when she's at home?'

'Why, there.'

'Oh! Does her husband work, then?'

'Her husband? She ain't got no husband!'

'Oh! Then how does she live?'

'Go and ask her yourself,' he replied.

The girl looked into the house. It was only a mean and shabby tenement house; she belonged, then, to poor people. What was the little game of the old man—her new friend—with this young person?

But that was no concern of hers. It was something vile and wicked, of course, because she knew all her companions were vile and wicked. She went away, therefore, and faithfully narrated what she had observed.

Mr. Carey was greatly puzzled at this unexpected discovery.

His daughter, who permitted herself such airs, and talked as if she had thousands, and looked like a lady in every particular, wearing the most beautiful boots and gloves, actually lived in a mean street of Hoxton, the meanest and also the most virtuous part of all London—a place in which he should be ashamed to be seen. And she lived in a single room, with those gloves and those boots. What could this mean?

'Pity, my dear,' he said, 'that you couldn't find out how she makes her money. For money there is.'

'If you'd told me what you wanted, and why you wanted it, I might have found more. All you said was, "Find out where she lives." Well, I have found out, and a potboy who told me nearly bit my head off for asking about her.'

'What is she, then?'

'Well, I think she's one of them which go about with Bibles, and fake up excuses for making the people virtuous. There's no end to their dodges. They're getting as artful as you and me pretty well. One of 'em collects rents in a court close by here. It's an Irish court, too. But, bless you, she ain't afraid, and they won't harm her. Well, I s'pose that young lady is up to some game of that sort, Daddy. And what game you are up to with her I should like to know.'

Mr. Carey shook his head. He was conscious of so heartfelt a dislike to all forms of religion, virtue, or morality, that he thought it must have been transmitted to his descendants. Besides, a woman to do this must be a lady to begin with, and his daughter Marla was only the daughter of a washerwoman. I am sorry to say that he placed a bad construction on the matter, and concluded that she was engaged, for purposes of her own, in some genteel game which might be spoiled by the discovery of her father's profession, and of his return to its active exercise. 'But,' he murmured, 'I'll have that hundred pound yet.'

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A FRIENDLY FATHER.

FOR a whole fortnight Mr. Carey refrained from molesting either of his children, graciously consenting to receive twenty shillings a week from one and thirty shillings from the other. The reason for this modest retirement and simple content was simply that as yet he had made few friends—it takes time for a professional gentleman of distinction to find out congenial spirits of his own lofty level—and therefore he had met with no temptation for the display of that hospitality which formerly was one of his most delightful qualities. Besides, he had not yet overcome the strangeness of the world, which had changed a good deal during his twenty years of seclusion, even to the language of the fraternity, and this, I understand, undergoes a complete change in twenty years. Book language lasts, it is true, but the slang of rogues, like the dialect of a savage tribe, is always changing from generation to generation. Mr. Carey found that the old patter, that spoken by himself in the early sixties, was unknown, and even provoked laughter among the new generation; and it distressed him that he was completely ignorant of the new idioms, and was slow to understand the back slang, the rhyming slang, and the so-called theatrical slang which are now current in Thieves' Land. Consequently he sat apart and stayed his soul with flagons, tobacco, and books. Fifty shillings a week was enough for his simple wants. Therefore it was in pure devilry and with the deliberate intention of vexing and shaming his son Claude that he paid a second visit to the Temple. The door was shut; nevertheless, Mr. Carey opened it with the help of a simple instrument which he always carried about him. When Claude returned about midnight he heard, while yet upon the stairs, the scraping, not unskilful, of a fiddle. Such a sound is strange in King's Bench Walk. Outside the door he recognised that the fiddle was being played in his own chambers, and on opening the door he discovered that his father was the musician. He was sitting in a chair playing merrily; in his mouth was a short pipe, a bottle of wine, half finished, and a glass stood on the table.

'Glad to see me, Claude?' he asked, nodding and grinning. 'I thought you would be, so I came round. It's a goodish step from Whitechapel, isn't it? I told you I should step in some-



times. Well, you were out, so I let myself in. It's not a bit of good locking a door to keep me out, bless you. Lord, there isn't a lock in the whole country that will keep me out, and so, my son, I've been making myself comfortable.'

Claude groaned, and his father, with a smile of satisfaction and a brightened eye, for the sight of his son's disgust and humiliation affected him with a singular joy, went on with his conversation, which was a monologue.

'I picked up this fiddle on my way—bought it in Houndsditch of a Jew for a sov, which you'll have to hand over, my dear boy. Have you got the money about you or shall I put one of these pretty mugs up the spout? I suppose they're real silver. Thank you! It is a very good fiddle for the money, but my hand is a little out. There's no fiddling allowed in the jug. I'll play you something, Claude.' He played correctly, and with some feeling and an old-fashioned lingering among the notes, as if he loved them every one, Balfe's air 'Then you'll remember me.' After this he played 'My pretty Jane,' and 'Tom Bowling.'

'There, boy,' he said, laying down the fiddle, 'can you do that? Not you. Can you take the fiddle, and play a hornpipe, and make the boys dance whether they want to or not, and draw their hearts out of the women, and the tears from their eyes? That's what I could do when I was a young man. As for the girls, a man who can fiddle like me can do what he likes. Ah, Lord! To think of the old days! Can you do it? Not you. What can you do? How do you live, I say? What is your lay, now? Where do you find the money for all this?'

Claude made no reply.

Then the man filled and lit his pipe, and drank two more glasses of wine. It was Burgundy, and he seemed to appreciate it. But the wine did not warm his heart apparently, for his eyes had a devilish look in them as they fell upon Claude's face—the look of one who considers evil day and night—the look of one who took pleasure in contemplating his victim's shame, and revenged himself at the same time for the loathing of his own presence. He already hated this son, who showed so clearly the humiliation caused by his return, and yet bore with him, and did not, as he might have done, shove him violently down the stairs. He hated him, and he rejoiced in his power of humiliating and disgusting him more and more.

'Look ye, Claude,' he said, with a full, round, and sonorous oath; 'you may keep your trade to yourself, if you please; you're



afraid of my getting a hand in it, I suppose. But you won't keep your old father out of your rooms; I shall come here for company and for drink—I shall come here whenever I choose. It's rather lonely where I've got my pitch, and they're a low lot about now, compared with the old pals, and there's not many of the new men that I care to know. Why, there was a man last night pretended never to have heard of the great Jim Carey. The profession has gone down: it's gone very low indeed. Any man calls himself a burglar when he's once learned to crack a crib, and to carry a revolver in case he's heard upon the stairs. As if I ever wanted pistols!—as if I was ever heard!—as if anybody ever heard or caught me in a house! Ah! Claude, it was a great misfortune for you when your father was lagged. You'll never understand with them prejudices of yours what a misfortune it was. You've got a quick eye, and a light tread, and clean fingers. You would have equalled your father almost; you couldn't surpass him. And I'd always made up my mind what to do with you. And now it's come to this—a black coat and a tall hat—talk like a swell—lodgins among the lawyers—actually among the lawyers—my own son—Jim Carey's son—among the lawyers!—and something genteel in the book-making line. Well, as I was saying—this bottle's 'most empty; go and get me another. It's cool stuff, and carries a man along better than brandy. As I was saying, the profession is clean ruined by revolvers; it's getting low; there's no pride in a neat job. But there, nothing good ever came from America yet. I am getting old now, and I doubt if I shall ever do much more, my boy; but it's heart-breaking to find yourself forgotten after all that's been done. As for work, why should I work any more, when I've a beautiful, dutiful, affectionate son to keep me, not to speak of a wife and two daughters, and two other sons, every one of whom desires nothing so much as to welcome back the fond father they have lost. He is a ticket-o'-leave man; he is repentant, and is open to the tender influences of awakening grace, and understands at last the Christian virtues and has cast off the works of darkness. The good Chaplain says so, and the Chaplain ought to know, because he's always converting such a lot of wicked sinners, and a giving of 'em the best of characters. It's a contrite spirit—oh!—and a broken heart!'

'For heaven's sake,' said Claude, 'it is past midnight, drink what you want and go.'

'I shall go when I please. Now, about this family of mine. Thirty bob isn't enough, my son!'

‘I shall give you no more.’

‘Very well, then, I shall think about trying the rest of them. Perhaps altogether they would make it forty. As for the girl who lives in Ivy Lane, Hoxton’—Claude started—‘dressed like a lady, though where she gets her money from is what I do not yet know—’

‘Who told you about her?’

‘Never you mind. Who told me about you, and about your mother, and about Sam and Joe? I know all about the family; there’s Joe—he isn’t worth calling on, because he’s only a working man with a family of eight. Sam, again, he’s only a poor miserable schoolmaster.’ (It must be remembered that Mr. Carey went into his hermitage before the passing of the Elementary Education Act, and, therefore, did not appreciate the present position of the schoolmaster.) ‘He’s got the parson over his head to bully him, and make him go to church and look humble. He’s got nothing but his miserable salary. There’s no use in worrying Sam. And your mother’s in an almshouse and blind. If I go to see her perhaps they’ll send her away out of the place, ’cos she isn’t a widow, and make me keep her. I don’t want to keep her. And there’s the other girl—Melenda—and as yet I don’t know where Melenda is. So you see, Claude, there’s only you and your sister Marla. One of you two I must see sometimes, and I shall. Which shall it be? All I ask, Claude, is—which shall it be—you or her? Come, now.’

‘If you thrust yourself on her’—it was clearly Valentine of whom his father spoke—‘I swear that I will stop my money altogether, and you can do what you please.’

‘Don’t you think it just possible, my dear son, that your sister Marla has got friends who would rather not know about her father? Don’t you think she would come down as handsome as you’ve done—you and your thirty bob!—just to keep these friends from knowing? Therefore, Claude, which of them is it to be?’

‘It seems as if I can’t keep you out of my chambers if I tried.’

‘No, my boy—you can’t. Take your oath of that.’ He took his two or three times over, with a glass of Burgundy to each, just by way of setting an example.

‘But if you force yourself on Val—on your daughter, I shall do my very best to dissuade her from giving you anything.’

‘Thank ye. You’re a dutiful boy, ain’t you? And suppose I force myself upon both of you?’

Claude made no reply at all.

'Eh!' he repeated; 'suppose I force myself upon both of you?'

'Then,' Claude replied, 'there will be only one thing for us to do. My sisters and I will all go away—out of the country—somewhere—anywhere, out of your reach. Sam and Joe shall have the task of protecting my mother. You may be very certain,' he added grimly, 'of the reception you will get from both Joe and Sam.'

'Nice boys, both,' said their father. 'They won't turn up their noses as if they were gentlemen. A pretty kind of flash gentleman you are!'

'Very nice boys they will be,' said Claude, 'when they hear who you are and what you want. They will astonish you by their nice behaviour. I fancy I see Sam before he flings you into the gutter for pretending to be his father, the honest locksmith. Why! we might all pretend that you are an impostor. I wish I had begun that way!'

'No, you don't, Claude.' But he looked uneasy. Suppose these sons of his should all pretend not to believe in him, there might be considerable trouble and difficulty before him. 'Don't think of that.'

'Yes, I wish I could see Sam's face when you go to him. Go to him, by all means. Or go to Joe, and then you will find out how dutiful your sons can be, and how deeply your eldest son respects and loves your memory.'

'You can talk, young 'un, if you can do nothing else. So can I. Never mind Sam and Joe; you and me will do. I will stick to you, my boy——'

'As the leprosy stuck to Naaman——'

'Quite right, Claude—always quote the Scriptures. Didn't Joe never tell you about me? Joe was—how old was Joe when I was last lagged? He was sixteen. Oh! Joe knows all about it. I saw him in Court when I was tried. It was a beautiful trial, and it would have done your heart good to hear how my counsel bowled 'em down, one after the other. At one time I thought I should have got off altogether. But it wasn't to be. There was a Providence in it, as our Chaplain said. It brought me to a knowledge of the Truth. Be not, then, ashamed of me, a Prisoner!' The man displayed a horrid aptitude in quoting the Book most read in prison. He took the more pleasure in it because it caused such peculiar pain and disgust to his son. For

this reason the historian passes over most of these flowers of speech.

'Joe,' said Claude, 'thought so highly of your profession and your career that he concealed everything from us, and bade us, on the other hand, be proud of our dead father—he said you were dead, because he wished and hoped that you were dead. We were to be proud of our father, on account of his character for honesty and straightforwardness. His character! Good heavens!'

Mr. Carey laughed; but his eyes looked more wicked.

'That was not well done of Joe. When I quarrel with you, Claude, I shall pay Joe out for that. I shall go to Joe's house and introduce myself to his wife and children and shall tell them the whole story. It will please Joe when he comes home in the evening, won't it?'

Claude said nothing.

'And it will please you, my son, when I tell you that I have already begun practice again. Yes, in a small way—not in a low and mean way, mind you, but in a small way only. I knock at the front door and tell the maid that the back bedroom is afire. She rushes upstairs, and I then step in and help myself. Twice to-day I did that trick.'

'Oh!'

'Then I got a book and a pencil, and I pretended to be the Gas Company's man, and went downstairs to examine the meter.'

'For heaven's sake, stop!'

'These rooms would make a beautiful fence. I'll bring the things here, Claude.'

'You shall not.' Claude's eyes showed this man that he had gone too far. He laughed, and took some more drink.

'You're capital company, Claude, if you'd drink more. That's the pity of it, you can't drink. Sit down, my boy, and let us drink together.'

'Drink together?'

'If you won't drink then, and if you won't smoke, you'll just have to listen.'

This ghastly night wore itself out at last. The man drank, smoked, and talked. He talked with extraordinary volubility. He seemed perfectly careless whether Claude were listening or not. It was sufficient for him that he was awake. He talked, with deliberate design, on all those topics which he knew would most humiliate his son; of his crimes, bold and successful; of the

changes and chances of his profession which were constantly landing him in prison; of his last burglary, when he made a splendidly daring attempt at a great lady's jewels, and would have got them had it not been for a lout of a country policeman, who accidentally stopped him, and whom he very nearly killed in the fight which followed; of his trial for burglary and violence and his long sentence; of his prison life, and his dodges with the Doctor and the Chaplain.

Claude stood on the hearthrug, without replying. The man talked on for several hours, during which Claude endured an agony. The clock struck four. Then the man rose slowly. The drink he had consumed seemed to have made no impression whatever upon him; he was not 'disguised,' his speech was clear, his bearing steady. But he looked more wicked, as if the wine had brought out upon his forehead with greater clearness the Name of the Beast or the Number of his Name.

'I shall go to sleep,' he said. 'You are capital company, Claude, my dear boy. I knew you would be. I shall come very often.' The bedroom door was open. He stepped inside, threw himself upon the bed, without any preliminary undressing, and fell asleep in a moment.

Claude sat down with a sigh of relief. But he was too tired for any further load of shame, and he fell asleep in the chair.

When he awoke it was nine o'clock, and his laundress was in the room. He remembered his guest of the night and hastened to look into the bedroom. But the man was gone. He had taken his fiddle with him.

'Valentine,' said Claude, later in the day, 'I have something to tell you.'

'You have had something to tell me for the last fortnight. Are you going to tell it now? What is it, Claude?' She laid her hand on his arm, and looked into his face with the sisterly affection which was not counterfeited. 'Do you think we do not take notice when you look ill and worried? What is it, Claude?'

'Have I looked worried?'

'You poor boy! There has been a line an inch deep across your forehead, and your eyes have had a distressed look, as if there was something you could not understand.'

'I don't understand it, Valentine. It is a part of the Mystery of Evil. But you—are you worried, too? Life here is too much for you. I wish to heaven the middle of October was come.'

'I am always troubled about the girls,' she replied, mendaciously. 'But I am very well. Tell me something of your own trouble.'

'I cannot, Valentine. Some day, perhaps, but not yet. I am a coward, and I am afraid to tell you. What I have to say now is, that certain things have come to my knowledge within the last week or two, which have made me realise, in quite a new sense, how I belong to the very lowest of the people.'

'Why, Claude, you have found some mare's nest!' She laughed, but she felt uneasy. Could he have learned the truth? 'You have discovered, perhaps, that you have cousins very poor. What does that matter?'

'It is not their poverty'—and then she knew that he must have learned the story of his father's life. Who could have told him? Not the old lady! Was it Joe? Why had Joe told him?

'It is not their poverty, Valentine. I have only just learned from what dregs—from what unspeakable depths—I have been rescued—all of us have been rescued—you with us, if you were Polly.'

'Oh, Claude, do not talk like that! Dregs—depths—why these things are beneath your feet! What can it matter, now, what your relations were? You cannot be ashamed of what they are!'

'No; but of what some of them were. Would it not matter if some of them were—criminals, Valentine?'

'No, Claude,' she replied stoutly, 'not even then!'

'Nay,' said Claude, sadly, 'it would matter a great deal. Such a thing as that would lay upon me a new obligation. I should have to atone and to make such reparation as may be in my power. You asked me once if I was ready to give all my life, if it were called for, to the work we have attempted. Why, Valentine, *it is called for*! The old life—the life I used to long for—the life of honourable work and distinction—I need make no farther question about giving it up; it has already become impossible for me. It is not any longer a question of choice. Do not ask me why; but I can never again even sit down with the men who have been my friends. I must leave the Temple. I shall come to live here. Oh! I will hide nothing! If people say, "There goes the son of a—of a——"'

'Of a locksmith, Claude,' Valentine interrupted, quickly; 'remember what Joe told you. Remember what Sam and Melenda believe. Think, if not of yourself, of Violet and of me.'



She knew now—she was quite certain—that, in some way or other, Claude had discovered something, if not all, of the truth.

‘I do think of Violet, and of you,’ he replied; ‘heaven knows that. If it were only myself concerned, I could bear it lightly. But suppose Violet should find it out. And how am I to keep the truth from her?’

‘I believe,’ said Valentine, wise with the wisdom of books, ‘that nothing is ever so bad as it seems to the imagination beforehand. Therefore, I daresay Violet and I will be able to bear it, whatever it is. Women are really much stronger than men, in many ways, though you are so conceited over your superior intelligence!’

‘You do not ask me what it is that I would conceal.’

‘No; I am contented to wait. Meantime, Claude, conceal nothing if you please. I do not ask you to conceal things; but parade nothing. My poor boy! Yet, if this trouble should give us a stronger champion, we ought to be glad that it has come upon us. Clear up that clouded brow, Claude. Let us see the old light in your eyes.’

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE DOCTOR SPEAKS.

‘THE Doctor is in love with you.’

This information was conveyed by no higher an authority than the ragged old man below; but it is information of a kind which is not readily forgotten, even though—as the newspapers in the last century used to say of the King of Sweden’s movements—it wants confirmation. It is of the kind which makes a girl pensive. Whatever the answer she intends to give when the question shall be put to her, the knowledge that it will be put, and probably very soon, greatly raises the aspirant in the young lady’s esteem. It makes him interesting; it also makes her expectant and watchful.

Valentine remarked, first of all, that the Doctor attended his patient with a regularity amounting to zeal; this in itself could not fairly be considered a symptom. But he stayed longer than was necessary, and he always made his visit the occasion of conversation with herself. This, again, taken by itself, is not a

symptom, because Valentine was the only young lady living within the boundaries of the Doctor's round; in fact the only lady he had ever known in all his life, and she was without doubt a very pleasing young lady, and it was natural that he should like to talk to her: one would not wish to draw conclusions of love from mere attraction. Presently, however, she became aware of a change in his talk; he began to speak of himself. Now this, as everybody knows, is an infallible symptom; he told her of his own position, his prospects, his history, and his opinions. He wanted, quite naturally, because he was so much interested in her, to interest her in himself. So far he succeeded, because he really was an interesting man. None of the physicians in the West End whom she had met were at all like this young Physician of Hoxton.

'Of course,' he said, one day, 'I don't pretend to be a gentleman; don't think that—I've got nothing to do with gentility, and I don't know the manners of society. I am just a Mile-End—the old man keeps a shop there, and I could have become his partner if I had chosen, with a tidy income and a nice smug, comfortable life—chapel twice on Sunday, and a hot supper on a Saturday night, and all'—

'What a pity to have missed the hot suppers!'

'Yes; it's cold supper with me, every day of the week.'

'Why did you give up the shop?'

'When I was a boy, I unluckily got hold of some scientific books, and I began to read them. Nothing seemed worth looking at after that, except Science. I was lost to trade from that day.'

'And so you became a doctor?'

'Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Doctor of Medicine in the University of London, General Practitioner in this genteel neighbourhood. This is the end of my scientific ambitions. London Hospital is not so very far from Mile-End, and it seemed to me as if the only way into the scientific life was through the Hospital. A good many scientific men have begun that way, so why not I? I had never heard of the Scientific Schools or of University and King's and South Kensington, you see, and the old man had never heard of them either. So I became a Medico. Well, I've got the scientific life I asked for—Medicine is called scientific, I suppose—and it isn't exactly the kind of life I fancied, which is always the way. You ask the Fates for what you want, and you get it; they give it to you, and then it doesn't turn out what you thought it was going to be.'

'But you've got the most beautiful, the most unselfish life in the world!'

'Have I? Ho!' he grunted in derision.

'The most beautiful and the best; you are everybody's friend; you go about, carrying health and recovery in your hands.'

'Well, my hands are certainly occupied a good deal in making pills and compounding draughts, and there's only a measly boy, besides, to help carry those pills and bottles. So I suppose you're right. If I'd stuck to the shop I should have been measuring yards of stuff on the counter. Making pills or measuring calico, it doesn't seem much of a choice to offer a man. But the calico for Money.'

'Money!' This girl, who had so much, naturally held money in the deepest contempt. 'Money! what does such a man as you want with money? What would you do with money? Money cannot advance science.'

'There is a sense of freedom without money, isn't there? A man with empty pockets isn't tempted to buy things, and doesn't nourish extravagant desires, and can't give anything to anybody.'

'The work you do for them actually doesn't want money.'

'There you go,' replied the Doctor. 'For them! Hang it, can't a man be allowed to do something for himself? Here I am, with the wages of a mechanic, doing twice a mechanic's work! I used to be ashamed, at first, of taking their half-crowns from the poor devils—I beg your pardon—from the others, and where is the life of science I longed for?'

'Why, you have it—you must be learning something new every day!'

'Oh! the action of drugs and the symptoms of disease—yes, to be sure, whatever advances man's knowledge is good, I know,' he went on impatiently; 'of course even this is better than standing behind a counter with a yard measure and pair of scissors. But I wanted to advance knowledge—not my own, but the world's. I had ambitions—but you don't know; women never understand.'

'We sometimes understand a little,' she replied, humbly.

'See here.' He pointed to the sick girl, who lay with closed eyes, as if she was asleep. 'This is the great mystery which men are always searching after, and have never found. I wanted to be one of those who search. Some day it will be discovered, and then we shall be like the Immortal Gods. Meantime, what are we? One after the other, for all of us in turn, the steady flame

begins one day to dwindle ; then it burns low ; sometimes it goes on flickering for a long time. Then it goes out. Birth, growth, decay and death. Why? We cannot tell. We are surrounded by a great black cloud, which we keep pushing back farther and farther ; and it is always rolling in again. Whether it is close around us, or whether it is pushed far away, we never succeed in getting through it or looking over it. And beyond it—silence ! The generations pass away, and one after the other, we all ask the same questions, and have to lie down unanswered.'

'What is the use of asking questions which cannot be answered?'

'The use ! The use ! There's all the use, not for asking but for looking. Those who keep on searching find at last. All the secret mysteries of life will be found out, sometime or other : and yet you think I ought to be satisfied with such work as this, while others are able to search.' He put on his hat and went away, without the usual ceremony of leave-taking. He was a very rude and unpolished person ; but somehow he was in earnest. Any man in earnest is always sure of forgiveness, whatever his social sins may be.

'I've been thinking,' he said, a day or two later, 'about your notion of an unselfish life. I can't feel any reality about it. A man must work, but he ought to choose his own work. And every man must work for himself. Would you have a man really satisfied with being a General Practitioner in Hoxton?'

'If there is no choice, isn't it wisest to find out all that there is in his manner of life that is noble and generous, and so be contented with it?'

'I don't want nobility and generosity. I am a selfish creature ; every man is, whatever you may pretend. Very well then. I want everything that I can't get—leisure, books, instruments, money to work with. What do I care about other people ? If I cared about other people I should be contented, and then my life would be just a selfish indulgence. Let me have all I want for myself first. I will think about other people afterwards.'

'As it is, you can't have what you want, and therefore you have made the best of it, and begun to think of other people first.'

'Then, suppose I wanted'—he rested his chin in the palm of his left hand and his left elbow on his left knee, with his left leg crossed over the right—it is a meditative attitude—and he looked thoughtfully in her face. 'Suppose I wanted to make love ? Life

is an incomplete kind of thing without it. Incomplete with it, for that matter; but still——'

'You said the other day that men and women cheat themselves with the unreal sentiment that they call love.'

'So I did. But sentiment may have its value.'

'And you said that man's love was another name for his desire to obtain a slave.'

'So it is. But there might be women for whom one would reverse the situation.'

'And you despise women.'

'That is true, in a way—perhaps a little more than one despises men. So would you if you were a G.P. But there are women one cannot despise. With these a man would willingly exchange the illusions of love.'

'Be patient, Doctor; perhaps your day will come. Meantime, though you are such a selfish creature, you do a good deal for these poor people, to gratify your own selfishness, no doubt.'

'In the way of business. I take their half-crowns all the while.'

'Yes, I know how much you will get from the poor woman you sat up with this morning until four.'

'Way of business,' he repeated. 'I wonder who serves out the lives; I suppose they are served out by some one. So many hundreds told off for General Practitioners; so many for starving needlewomen; so many for drunken husbands. One, just one, for Miss Valentine Eldridge.'

There was certainly very little reason why this young Doctor should look cheerfully on life. His practice was larger than is comfortable; and the larger it grew the poorer he became, which is a truly wonderful result of success. He was paid in shillings and half-crowns; he lived in a small house, with an old woman to look after him, and she looked after him badly. He made up his own medicines and dispensed them with the aid of a boy; he walked about the streets all day and sometimes all night; he made his meals and took his rest when he could; he had no time for reading, and his thirst for knowledge was very great. Tantalus was, I believe, a young and very successful General Practitioner in a poor neighbourhood, who ardently desired leisure for study and research.

He had no society; and the Assistant-Priest of S. Agatha—Mr. Randal Smith—was his only friend, and they quarrelled every time they met.

'Smith,' he said one evening when he found time for a pipe and a glass of beer (of course Mr. Smith didn't smoke, and sported a blue ribbon as proudly as if it had been the Order of the Garter)—'Smith, did you ever turn your attention seriously to the question of Love?'

Mr. Randal Smith's pale face flushed. 'My WORK,' he said, proudly, 'compels the Celibate Life.'

'Don't talk more ecclesiastically than you can help. Mine compels the Celibate Life as well, because the income isn't more than enough for one! But I don't brag about it. Why can't a man go on through life without falling in love? Why does he ever want to hamper himself with a woman? She doesn't probably know anything; she doesn't care for the things he cares about. Very likely she's a fool! He can never be so free when he is married as when he was unmarried.'

'Perhaps,' said the Assistant-Priest, 'she has qualities which he desires to possess.'

'You don't fall in love with a pretty face—at least, only a fool does that—nor yet with a pretty figure. I'm an anatomist, and I know all about the pretty figure. It's a fine piece of machinery, I confess; but it is a great deal too delicate for the work we expect of it, and it is always getting out of order. You can't fall in love with a machine, or with the case they've made for it.'

'No'—Mr. Randal Smith saw his chance to make a point—'you fall in love with the soul.'

'Ah! that's your department. I never saw a soul in the dissecting-room; never heard of anybody who did. All I know is, that there are no diseases in my knowledge which are caused by the soul, so that it can't form part of the body!'

'It doesn't,' the other man replied, still getting the best of it. 'That is why you fall in love with it.'

Whatever it was that the Doctor loved, it was called Valentine, and it had a very charming face, with eyes which spoke all kinds of possible things, and especially a most beautiful sympathy, so that this young Doctor felt that he could talk about himself and his own thoughts all day long with her, and that neither of them would get tired. He, at least, would not. Men vary in their expressions of love; but a strong and masterful nature generally takes this form and demands perfect sympathy from the object of its passion. So that the Doctor was partly right in calling Love the desire to get a slave for oneself. The thing called Valentine



with which he was in love, also had a pretty figure, a graceful manner, and a highly pleasing voice.

He spoke at last. It was in the beginning of October, a week before her furlough was to expire.

‘You are actually going away in a week?’ he asked.

‘Yes; for a little while. You will come every day to look after Lotty while I am away, will you not?’

‘I will do what I can for her—or for you. Before you go—it was in Valentine’s room, but they had got into the habit of talking freely before Lotty, who seemed to take no notice of what was said by these two—‘before you go, I should like you to know—just for the sake of knowing—not that it will do any good, but still you ought to be told—that there are two men in love with you.’

‘Oh! Why should you tell me that?’ she answered, with a natural blush.

‘They are not much to boast of—only Hoxton men; but still—men.’

‘Don’t go on, Doctor.’

‘I must now. One of them is Randal Smith. He confessed it last night when I taxed him with it, after beating about the bush awhile. He’s been in love with you, he says, for a long time. Of course, he can’t look at things straight, and he pretends that it’s out of gratitude to you for singing and talking with his blessed boys—the humbug! But he won’t tell you, because he’s got to be a Celibate for the good of the Church—ho! ho!—and because you won’t submit to discipline! That’s what he calls confession, and penance, and Lent.’

‘Poor Mr. Smith! I shall always think the better of myself, because there never was a more unselfish man, I believe.’

‘As for the other man—will you guess who that other man is?’

She met his eyes with perfect frankness and without a blush.

‘Do you mean—yourself?’

‘Yes, I do. I don’t at all understand why, but it is so.’

‘It is a part of the general pretence and unreality of life, perhaps.’

‘No, it is as real as—as Neuralgia, and as difficult to shake off. I don’t know who you are, but I know what you are. Smith doesn’t want an answer. Have you, by any chance, got one for me?’

‘Only, that a woman ought to be proud, to think that two

such men like her. Will you go on liking me, both of you?' She offered him her hand, but he did not take it.

'I said Love, not Like,' he replied, grimly. 'Well, you've said what I knew you would say, only you've said it more kindly than I expected—or deserved, perhaps. Yet, I don't know. If a man loves a woman he can but tell her so, even if she's a royal princess. That'll do.' He rose and stooped over Lotty on the bed.

'Feel easier this morning, don't you? That's right. Had a good night? Pretty good. Don't talk much. Let Melenda come and talk to you, but don't you talk. Very well; now keep quiet. We shall soon be—quite well.'

'Doctor!' It was Valentine, as Lotty closed her eyes again and lay as if she was asleep.

'Quite well,' he repeated, with a kind of defiance. 'Asleep and well. What could be better for her, or for any of them, come to that, poor things!'

The tears came to her eyes, but she said nothing.

'Her sorrows will soon come to an end. You have made her happy, in spite of them. Now I'll go. Forgive me.'

'There is nothing to forgive, believe me.'

'I was bound to tell you, once, before you went away. I shall never speak of it again—you know it, and that is enough.'

He looked in her face once more, from under his shaggy eyebrows, and pressed her hand. Then, as he left her and went his way, at the bottom of the stairs he tumbled over a couple of cats which were sleeping on the lowest step in the sun. I am sorry to say that he swore at those cats aloud. I have said that he was a rough and a rude young man. When he cursed those cats, he cursed his own fortune as well. Valentine heard the words and forgave them, understanding the cause. As for the cats, they knew the Doctor very well, and retired with precipitation and wonder, asking each other what in the world could be the matter with a man whom they had known and respected since kittenhood, as a constant and tried friend of cats. There are a great many cats about Ivy Lane—cats have taken the place formerly occupied by oyster-shells in poor neighbourhoods—but the Doctor had never before kicked a single one of them. Therefore they were naturally hurt and surprised. One more illusion gone.

'Valentine,' Lotty whispered, 'you are going away in a few days. I heard all that you said.'

‘Yes, dear, but only for a day or two. I shall come back. Do not be afraid.’

‘The Doctor loves you. Everybody loves you, except Melenda. And I shall soon be quite well. Oh, I know now what he means. I understand things much better now than I did before you came. Oh! before you came. If I could but see Tilly once more before I am quite well—and asleep.’

‘Lotty—Lotty—my poor child.’

‘Don’t cry, Valentine. Perhaps Melenda will give in when I am—asleep and well—because we have been such friends, her and me. And you’ve been so good to me. You’ll be patient with Melenda, won’t you?’

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### HOW MELEND A WAS DRILLED.

WHEN Melenda carried back the bundle of finished work to the shop she generally returned with the money and another bundle, if work was abundant and she was lucky, by noon, or one o’clock at latest. On this occasion, which was a certain morning towards the end of September, she did not return at the usual time, nor did she indeed come back until past seven o’clock in the evening, when she appeared at Valentine’s door with empty hands.

‘They’ve drilled me,’ she said, with a catching in her breath. ‘They’ve drilled me all day long.’

‘Oh! Melenda!’ It was a bad day with Lotty, and she was reduced to a whisper. ‘Oh, Melenda!’

‘And they haven’t finished yet. Don’t tell Liz, but it was all along of her button-holes. She’s got dreadful careless lately.’

‘What is drilling?’ asked Valentine. ‘Melenda, you look frightfully pale.’

Melenda was a brave girl, and strong, but the day’s work, whatever it was, had been too much for her; and now she sank into a chair, and threw her hat upon the floor. Her cheeks were white, but her eyes were hot and angry.

‘I’m tired, that’s all. So would you be; and I’m hungry, too. No, I won’t have anything out of your cupboard. There’s some cold tea and some bread and butter in the other room.’

Valentine brought them to her; it was the first time that Melenda had accepted any service from her. But in taking the

food from Valentine's hands she preserved her independence because it was her own bread and butter.

'What is drilling?' asked Valentine again.

'Last time they drilled her,' whispered Lotty, 'she went off directly she came home, and we had dreadful trouble to bring her round. Don't go off, Melenda dear.'

'I ain't going off; I'm better now. Don't tell Liz it was her fault.'

The trouble came upon Melenda through Lizzie's *laches*, not her own. It is not everybody that can bear a glimpse of the better life. That which poor Lizzie got caused her the most poignant envy and discontent. Very soon Valentine would go away and leave them. Then the bread for dinner would reappear, and the dainty meals which Valentine had given her would be a memory of the past to embitter the present, and the stockings and shoes and 'things' with which Valentine had replenished her scanty wardrobe would wear out, and there would be no money to get any more. Let us do the child justice; she thought, too, how the cheerful face, the kindly voice, the evening song, the lips that never uttered a harsh word, would go too, and the lodgings return to their former condition when they were all comparatively satisfied, because they knew no better. 'This is the way,' she said to herself, 'that ladies live at home, and this is the way we live,' and always in her ear the voice whispering, 'Come with me, and you shall live like a lady.' The good food which Valentine provided her, the comparative ease—because now that Lotty was off their hands they were able to get along with less work—the better clothes that she wore, the greater attention which she paid to Valentine's example, and therefore to neatness and cleanliness, had made poor Lizzie by this time a really pretty girl. When Valentine came she was a girl with possibilities; now she was a girl with realities; her figure filled out and rounded, her cheek fuller and of a healthier hue—her eyes brighter. She represented, in fact, like any other animal, the advantages which result from good and regular feeding.

But these things made her, as well, careless in her work, and Melenda was drilled, therefore.

'But what is drilling?' Valentine repeated.

'I got there,' said Melenda, eating her bread and butter ravenously, 'at half-past nine this morning. I thought I'd be in good time. So I was. The clerk—it's the fat-faced one with the whiskers—he took my work and passed it in. Presently, he

calls me and he says, "You stand there," he says. "They'll send down your money and your work presently, sezee." Then he grinned, and the other girls who were standing about the shop for their turn, they looked at each other and they whispered, "You poor thing! He's going to drill you." Of course I knew that. And so he did.'

'Oh!'

'Drilled you?' asked Valentine, for the fourth time.

'Now I'm better,' said Melenda, finishing her bread and butter. 'Coming home, Lotty, I thought I should ha' dropped.'

'But tell me what they've done.'

'Lord! you don't know anything, and you've been here nearly three months. You're real ignorant, Valentine.' Melenda, in her own opinion, knew everything. 'It's like this, you know. If the work isn't so good as it ought to be, they just drill us. Well, we can't help it. A girl hasn't got any rights, Sam says, because she can't fight for herself, and nobody cares to fight for us. The men they stand up for the men, and the women stand up for the men, but they don't care for other women. Sam says so. As for the ladies, what odds is it to them if we are all drilled to death?'

'But what is it?' Valentine asked; 'how do they do it?'

'They don't do anything. They just tell you to stand and wait, and they keep you waiting. If you go out, you're told when you come back that the work's come down and been given to another girl. You've just got to wait for your money and for the new work as long as they choose to keep you. Sometimes they've drilled a woman for five or six days, and her with babies at home crying for their food. What do they care?'

'Oh! but it is impossible. Have you been kept standing all day long? Actually standing all day? And without food? Have you had nothing to eat?'

'Not likely,' said Melenda; 'neither dinner nor tea.'

'Melenda,' said Valentine, 'you must let some one help you. Oh! my dear, it is a Shame! It is horrible.'

'I won't, then,' Melenda cried fiercely. 'I said I wouldn't, and I won't. I've always been independent, and I always will be.' It was her formula of consolation, and though it was no more than a fetish, it never failed.

'Independent! Oh, Melenda—what independence!'

In the morning Melenda went again to get her money and her work. Again the clerk ordered her to stand aside and wait.

She was to be drilled a second day, a punishment which marked the gravity of her offence.

Melenda obeyed with an angry spot in either cheek. Some of the women about the place whispered her that it was a Shame. It was all that the women could do. 'It is a Shame,' they whispered low, so that the men should not hear. The whole history of Woman seems somehow contained and summed up in those four short words, 'It is a Shame.'

If you think of it, the chivalrous sentiment and the Christian sentiment and the humanitarian sentiment, all combined, have done but little as yet to remove the truth and force of those four little words. Everywhere the woman gets the worst of it. She is the hardest worked, and has to do all the nastiest kinds of work; she is the worst paid; she is always bullied, scolded, threatened, nagged, and sworn at: she has the worst food; she has the lion's share of the trouble and the lamb's share of the pleasure; she has no holidays; she has the fewest amusements. Even in those circles where women do not work and are never kicked, she has the worst of it. Beautiful things have been written about womanhood, damsels, and gracious ladies. Girls do, in fact, enjoy a brief reign while they are wooed and not yet won. And after that the men take for themselves everything that is worth having, save only in those well-appointed and desirable establishments where there is enough to go round for man and wife too. But for the great broad lower stratum of the social pyramid, there is but one sentence that will express the truth. You will hear it from the lips of women and girls wherever working women and girls meet together; on the pavement and outside the shops it is cried aloud; in the shops and work-rooms it is only whispered; one short sentence, in four short words, 'It is a Shame.'

All day long to stand and wait. It seems a cruel thing. And very likely at home the children crying for their bread, or sitting empty and hungry at school, while the figures swim and reel upon the blackboard, and the teachers wonder how children can be expected to learn when they have had no breakfast and no dinner. To be made stand and wait from half-past nine in the morning until seven in the evening. And women, my Christian brothers, are not really so strong as men, though we treat them as if they were capable of far more endurance than we ourselves ever give to our own work. It seems cruel; but then, consider, drilling is punishment. There must be punishment. And the very nature and essence of punishment is that it is unpleasant. In the good old



slavery times women were tied up to the post and lashed, which hurt them a good deal, and even inflicted deep flesh wounds and caused indelible scars. But these heal up; the pain of being drilled for three or four days in succession is certainly a great deal worse than the pain of being lashed for three or four minutes, and the injuries it inflicts on a girl are not skin and flesh injuries and do not heal up, nor can they be forgotten in a day or two. Quite the contrary; these injuries last a whole lifetime, and sometimes lap over to the next generation. There must, however, be punishments in every trade; how else are you to get work done properly? You cannot fine a woman whom you have already engaged according to the strictest principles of sound political economy on the Law of Elevenpence Ha'penny; you are not allowed by foolish modern laws to flog her, not even to correct her with a cane, nor to box her ears, nor to kick her; it is no use turning her off, because the next girl will be no better; you may not put her in the stocks or the pillory; you may not duck her; civilisation, humanity, Christianity, and political economy agree together in forbidding all these things. But they agree in allowing an employer to pay starvation wages to his girls, and by way of punishment, when he pleases, to drill them. It is a small and miserably inadequate kind of punishment. Let us pity the poor employers; they have nothing else left.

On the third day she went again.

Again she was told to stand aside and wait.

Again she obeyed, and prepared submissively for a third day of patient suffering.

Only one hundred and fifty years ago, when maid-servants or workgirls committed any fault, it was customary to beat them with sticks. As it was the custom no one took much notice. One of the sights of London was Bridewell Prison, where visitors and idlers went to see the women flogged. Sometimes, again, the women were placed in pillory and so exposed to the derision of the multitude. It seems barbarous to us when we read of these things. We have now, no doubt, cast away for ever such barbarities. Of course we have—we are now so considerate and kind to women that we never overwork them, never pay them wretched wages, and are constantly careful that other people shall treat them with equal consideration. This is an age of humanity. We even go too far in our resolution that there shall be no cruelty. If a schoolmaster flogs a boy we invent stories to stimulate and goad the public wrath. We say that the schoolmaster has even

cut the boy's toes off in the zeal of his *argumentum baculinum*. We will have no boys whipped, no donkeys kicked, no dogs or cats ill-treated; and it is commonly reported that the cases of the fox, the hare, the rabbit, the weasel, the stoat, the pheasant, the partridge, and the grouse, are shortly to be taken into serious consideration. Wherefore it is absurd to suppose that there can be any cruelty in drilling.

Girls who are drilled do not cry out, to begin with, nor do they write to the papers. They know very well that, if they do venture to complain, they will get no more work. Besides, if it were cruel, if it were not for their own good, it would not be done. Like many other necessary chastisements, however, drilling has its disagreeable side. Those girls, to begin with, who habitually work sitting all day, feel extremely uncomfortable after standing for a couple of hours. The discomfort increases to the point of pain, and from pain to torture if it be prolonged sufficiently. When the torture does begin, the girl feels first of all grievous pains in her limbs; she shifts her weight from one-foot to the other, her feet swell, her back and shoulders ache, her head becomes an aching lump of lead; she is nothing at all from head to foot but a collection of aches and pains; there is no part of her which does not give her pain; every bone is aching, every muscle is drawn, every joint is swollen, and you may observe, if you take the least interest in a girl who is being drilled, that, after an hour or two, her cheeks have become flushed, her lips tremble, her hands are shaking, and her eyes are unnaturally bright.

There is another thing. Workgirls do not generally breakfast off anything richer or more substantial than bread, or bread and butter. At stroke of noon they are ready for their dinner, which may be bread with a piece of fried fish—it is cheap and very nourishing dipped in oil, as the Beni Yakub love it—and sometimes of bread and butter with tea. At one o'clock, if this meal has not been provided, they are desperately hungry; by two or three, they are faint and sick with hunger. By the evening, if they have had nothing since breakfast, they are devoured by that pain which was once poetically and happily likened unto the gnawing of a wolf at the intestines by a man whose name has been forgotten, but who had personally experienced this pain, and had also been chawed by a real wolf—I think it was in Epping Forest, about the time of King Athelstane. This man, who lived to a great age, and now lies buried in Greenstead churchyard,

beside St. Edmund's oaken church, always declared that he greatly preferred the real animal to his imitator.

All day long the people came and went in the shop, each one about his own business, nobody regarding so insignificant a thing as a young workgirl standing still and submissive ; no one, indeed, knew or guessed or cared to think that here was a girl who was aching in every bone and sick and faint with fatigue and hunger, waiting for money due to her and for work promised her, who had so waited two days and was now waiting the third day. And the hours when one is being drilled move on so slowly. They go too slowly in the City for those in the ranks of Clerkdom ; far too slowly for the youngsters who want to be off and away, using up the last of the autumn evenings upon the bicycle in the roads about Leyton and Wanstead ; far too slowly for the young man who longs for the evening, when he may walk and talk with the girl who is going to marry him as soon as he reaches the income of a hundred and twenty pounds ; too slowly for him who is already married and now draws two hundred, and has a house at Leytonstone, with a garden and children five. But the hours went much more slowly to Melenda than to any of these. The fat-faced clerk already mentioned—he with the whiskers—went on with his work and from time to time turned his eye upon Melenda. Because it was the custom, he thought nothing of the punishment. Just in the same way, when the Romans nailed a man on the cross, the thing was so common that none of the passers-by gave a thought to his agony. He hung up there, over them, sometimes enduring his agony for two or three days, while everybody went on below just as if the man were lying on a bed of roses. The soldiers on guard rattled their dice and told their stories and sang snatches of song ; the boys played with their knucklebones and quarrelled and fought at the foot of the gibbet ; the women carried their fruit to market on their heads, and hardly looked up ; the happy lovers passed hand in hand beneath the man who would love no more, and on whose drooping head were the dews of death ; the scholars walked by disputing. There was a man being slowly done to death upon the cross—well, it was the custom. This clerk was like the Romans ; I daresay he knew that drilling was painful, but it was the custom. The girl had left at home, very likely, brothers and sisters who were waiting for the money and the work, and were, meantime, without food : perhaps he understood in his dull and unsympathetic way that hunger is an extremely painful thing. But

it was the custom. He was only doing his regular work. He was no more moved than the Roman soldiers, or than the school-master is moved by the sad face of a boy kept in, or than the beadle was wont to be moved when, in the days of his now lost magnificence, he walked, gold-headed staff in hand, beside the wretch who was being admonished at the cart tail by the nine-tailed vengeance. It was the custom.

Out of so many workgirls, there are always so many careless girls; therefore so much drill, so much starvation. It was nothing but the necessary discipline of the Establishment. The clerk was really a very kind-hearted person, who would not willingly give anyone pain. He spoke with the greatest abhorrence of the ruthless Russian and the tyrannous Turk; if he had any money to spare he would subscribe to all kinds of virtuous and benevolent things, such as the Cruelty to Animals Society; and as for Vivisection, words fail him when he even thinks of it. One is anxious that this gentleman, who is still comparatively young, should not be misrepresented, and therefore it should be added that he is a member of a surpliced choir, in which he sings tenor, and that he belongs to a Guild, and sometimes is allowed to put on a long cassock, which makes him completely happy. The chiefs of the Establishment have houses at Buckhurst Hill, Stoke Newington, and Finchley. They are all most kind-hearted men. If their children were kept waiting for breakfast a single quarter of an hour, they would turn every servant—man Jack and maid Jill—out of doors; if any of their own girls were kept without food for a whole day, they would fall into apoplectic fits. It is needless to say that they are diligent at church and chapel; they approve of all good works; on the question of discipline they speak vaguely; on that of woman's wage they cling manfully to the great sheet anchor of trade—the Primal Law—the most beautiful and most beneficent of all Laws—that of Supply and Demand. Theirs, you see, is the Demand; the girls furnish the Supply. In the evening the chiefs, who make a succulent luncheon at one, go home every man to a handsome dinner at half-past seven, picking up something on their way at the fish and game shop outside Broad Street Station. At the moment when their gongs proclaimed the serving of dinner, Melenda would be allowed to go home to her bread and tea.

I believe that a two-days' drill is considered severe. Melenda's case must therefore have been very serious indeed, for she was drilled the third day, and perhaps it was intended that the drill

should go on for a day or two longer, but an accident, the nature of which you will learn immediately, prevented the continuance of the punishment. It was not that Melenda 'went off,' or fell down, or flew into a rage and delivered her mind and was consequently excited. She did none of these things. She stood perfectly quiet and waited. The clerk began to think that punishment had gone far enough, but it was not by his orders that girls were drilled. That was done in a department upstairs, which took about as much human interest in the girls as a Board of Magistrates laying down rules for Prison Diet, or a Board of Guardians ordering a costume for workhouse girls, or the Admiralty issuing orders for the British sailor.

Valentine it was who ended her punishment for her.

When they found that Melenda did not return by the noon of the third day, Valentine declared that the thing should no longer be endured.

It was nearly one o'clock. Melenda stood alone in a kind of corner, out of the way of the people who kept coming and going. She now hoped for nothing but for the stroke of seven—still six long hours distant—and stood swaying herself gently from side to side, to ease some of the pains which racked her limbs. When she saw Valentine at the door she changed colour, and was ashamed. This was indeed, she reflected, a beautiful kind of independence—independence to be justly proud of! Valentine looked about the place, saw Melenda standing in her corner, and then addressed the man who seemed to be in office. It was, in fact, the clerk whom Melenda called 'him with the fat face.'

'Is it, pray,' she asked, 'by your orders that girls are tortured in this place?'

'I don't know what you mean,' he replied.

'Is it by your orders, then, that the workgirls are drilled, as you call it?'

'No, it isn't. The orders come from upstairs.'

'Will you tell me where I can find the chief partner of the house?'

'Oh! come,' said the clerk, laughing, 'that's too good, that is! You don't expect him to bother his head about a work-girl, do you?'

'Will you take me to him?'

'Well, no—I won't, if you come to that. It's more than my place is worth.'

'Will you tell me his name?'

‘Why, of course; all you’ve got to do is to read the name on the brass plate at the door.’

He dimly perceived, through the fog of daily routine and custom, which clouded a perhaps otherwise fair understanding, that here was a young lady, and that there was going to be a row.

There was, but not much; because you really cannot expect the Senior Partner in so great a House to trouble himself about a mere insignificant London workgirl. You can’t sell a workgirl as you can sell a roll of silk; you can buy her, it is true, and you can buy her cheap, and you can use her up quick; you can drill her if she is careless; you can pay her the wages of competition—in some confusion of ideas, Valentine thought these must be the wages of sin turned the other way about. All this an employer can do with a workgirl, but he cannot sell her; so that he has naturally no direct interest in her, except to get as much work out of her as he can while she lasts. And this, of course, he does.

In ten minutes’ time Valentine reappeared. With her was an elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect.

‘You shall see for yourself,’ she said, indignantly. ‘You cannot disclaim the responsibility for abominable cruelties committed in your name. You shall deny them if you can!’

‘Cruelties! Really, my dear young lady—cruelties in my House! It is absurd. Let us see these cruelties.’ He looked at her card—‘Miss Valentine Eldridge.’

‘I am a daughter of Lady Mildred Eldridge,’ she said, instinctively getting at a weak place. ‘Now, sir, will you please to tell me whether it is by your approval or by your orders that this girl has been ordered to stand here for three days, from half-past nine in the morning till seven at night—nearly ten hours each day—without being permitted to leave the place or to sit down for three whole days? To *stand* all day without food from nine until seven! Would you dare to use your own daughter so?’

‘Really, this is very—’

‘For three days! Oh!’ Valentine was now so indignant that she said more than was wise. ‘Do you understand at all what it means to stand for ten hours in one place? Do you understand what it is to go without food for a whole day? Do you know that she has been kept from the money owing to her all this time? You have, I suppose, the right to pay her starvation wages and to overwork her. Have you the right to torture her?’

‘One moment, Miss Eldridge.’ He called the clerk and retired up the shop in conversation with him.



'I hear,' he said, presently returning, 'that the girl was not told to stand, but to wait; there has been nothing to prevent her sitting down, or going out for dinner or tea, had she chosen; her work was kept back for three days as a slight—a very slight and inadequate—punishment for very culpable negligence. Under these circumstances I trust that you will recall the harsh expression.' He spoke with great dignity, but his cheeks were red.

'I will not. Your excuse is a miserable prevarication! It is false that the girl could sit down or go out. She has been deliberately tortured. You make a practice of torturing the poor helpless women you employ.'

'At all events, it shall not occur again with this girl. She shall receive whatever money may be owing to her and she may go. We will strike her name off our books,' said the Senior Partner. 'Since discipline is construed into cruelty, and kindness into torture, you had better, Miss Eldridge, take your *protégée* elsewhere. I am sorry I cannot help her any longer.'

Nothing could have been grander than the way in which he delivered himself of these words. He took off his hat and retired. It was not until he was gone that Valentine found any reply, and then it would have been unequal in dignity to that of the manufacturer.

'Now you've lost your work altogether,' said the clerk. 'Lord, what a fuss to make about a day's drill!'

'Will you find a chair for the next girl you drill?' asked Valentine.

'Well, Miss,' he replied—mindful of the Senior Partner's words—'I told her to wait; I didn't say stand! Is it my fault that there was no chair?'

'We are always made to stand,' said Melenda. 'Never mind—there's other places!'

They went away, Valentine feeling miserably guilty. She had fallen into a rage, and before a man known all over London for active benevolence, and she had gone to his private room and accused him of cruelty and of torture, and of underpaying his girls and overworking them. Valentine, for once in her life, showed—to put it mildly—an immense capacity for indignation. She startled the good old man, and when she offered proof of her words, he could not choose but follow.

He had a dinner party that evening, and I think he must have been feeling uncomfortable, in spite of his grave and dignified language, because he talked a good deal about the question of women's wages. They were necessarily, it was agreed by all,

ruled by the state of the labour market first, and the production market next. And there was only one feeling, that it was most desirable to find some way in which the wages of women and girls could, without violation of Political Economy, be improved. He did not tell the drill story, because there were one or two awkward points about it. Besides, this young lady certainly had friends, and her friends might write to papers. Now, there is nothing in the whole world which men of all ranks, classes, trades, fortunes, or professions, dread more than the publication of 'trade customs'; because, somehow, from the fee of a barrister down to the bill of a plumber, so many delicate questions can be raised, and so many awkward questions may present their sharp and spiky points; and it is not enough to feel, as we do feel, that we are all in the same boat. This makes it, in fact, worse, because if anyone in his wrath should happen to bore a hole in the boat on account of another man's sins, down we all go together. The benevolent Senior Partner could not get out of his mind the white face and trembling limbs of the girl he had been drilling. They made him feel actually uncomfortable. Besides, he was afraid of the newspapers. Perhaps, however, nothing more would be said about it.

'You've got my work took from me, Valentine,' said Melenda, not ungraciously. 'Never mind—you gave it him hot! He didn't like it, though he bounced it off. There won't be much more drilling done there for a month or two. But, Lord! it isn't him you should blame. He don't know nothing about it. It's upstairs where the orders for drill comes from!'

*(To be continued.)*

## *Early Newspaper Sketches.*

FROM small beginnings, and through much tribulation, has the press in England slowly and gradually achieved the mighty influence it exerts to-day, conveying to well nigh every household the daily record of these most 'brisk and giddy-paced times,' warning of dangers impending, or evil projects, which otherwise might be brought to perfection, and furnishing to many—may it not be said to most?—such views and opinions as they hold concerning current events. Here, however, is no attempt to relate the story of a growth so mighty from first tender sproutings prophetic of coming bud and blossom, merely to raise now and again the curtain that hangs over the past, and, peeping beneath its shrouding folds, listen to the distant hum of generations passed away.

Even the origin of the word 'news' has been in dispute; some have triumphantly detected it lurking in the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass depicted on the forefront of the bygone news-sheet, and would have us believe that

When news doth come, if any would discusse  
The letter of the word, resolve it thus :  
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth ;  
And comes to us from north, east, west, and south.

It is unfortunate, however, for the propounders of any such theory that no newspapers are known to have been published with the heading suggested: the earliest spelling of the word, moreover, is 'newes,' which some in vain have sought to trace from 'noise.'

Without diving into the recesses of a past distant as that which reported the *acta diurna* at Rome, or desecrating the dawn of the advertisement era in notices such as those on Pompeian walls announcing the opening of baths, or the performance of sports which beauty sheltered by silken awnings might venture to grace, we come upon the germs of the nineteenth-century

newspaper first in Venice. Here, about 1563, at the time of the war with the Turks, there appeared a *manuscript* record of passing events called 'gazetta,' from the little coin, long obsolete, which each one paid for the privilege of reading the news. But it was in Germany, in the shape of the 'Frankfurter Journal,' in the year 1615, that a weekly paper, as distinguished from a pamphlet, was originally published. Here, in England, we come upon the earliest journalists in the writers of news-letters, originally employed by persons of rank to keep them informed of passing events during temporary absence from court. Nor were such epistles wholly driven from the field even after newspapers appeared, a fact less surprising than it would at first sight appear, when it is borne in mind how far more dangerous it must have been, in periods like the great Rebellion, to print than write a record of passing events. Many of the news-letters of that troublous era embodied information which it was highly undesirable should fall into the enemy's hands, and so were circulated secretly, even now bearing mute testimony, in the dark red stains which cover them, to the severity of the strife which was waged in their defence. Ben Jonson introduces us to the office of such a news-writer :

This is the outer room, where my clerks sit,  
And keep their sides, the Register i' the midst ;  
The Examiner, he sits private there within ;  
And here I have my several rowls and fyles  
Of news by the Alphabet, and all put up  
Under their heads, &c.—*Staple of News*, 1625.

These were the men who rambled from coffee-house to coffee-house, and perhaps, if there were trials more than ordinarily interesting, into the Sessions House of the Old Bailey, and sometimes even into the precincts of Whitehall itself, in search of material for their epistles.

It is only in times comparatively recent that the files of the 'English Mercurie,' so long believed to be the earliest English newspaper, and purporting to deal with events connected with the Great Armada, have been proved a forgery, concocted, as is supposed, by the second Lord Hardwicke about the year 1766. The first periodical newspaper, however, actually published in England was the 'Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie, &c.,' whose first number is dated May 23, 1622, towards the latter end of the reign of James I., when public curiosity was excited by the events

of the Thirty Years' War and the victories of Gustavus Adolphus. Few scraps of foreign intelligence, however, were given, nor were there any advertisements. The paper was established by Nathaniel Butter, a stationer who had failed in business, to whom Fletcher in the 'Fair Maid of the Inn' thus refers:

It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit shall look  
As if butter would not melt in his mouth.—Act iv. sc. 2.

The titles of many of these early publications were remarkable for eccentricity; such, for instance, as the following:

'Newes, and strange newes, from St. Christopher's of a tempestuous spirit, which is called by the Indians a Hurrycano or whirlwind.'—October 21, 1638.

'Newes, true newes, laudable newes, citie newes, countrie newes, the world is mad or it is a mad world, my masters, especially now, when in the Antipodes, these things are come to pass.'—1642.

Others, however, were of greater interest, as the 'Moderate Intelligencer,' 1647, containing a message from Charles Rex, from Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, with the political news of the day, and advices from Lisbon, Naples, Venice, Turin, and elsewhere on the Continent.

In Stuart and Commonwealth days political strife found its more common expression in the form of pamphlets, of which no fewer than thirty thousand are said to have been issued in the years between 1640 and 1660. Amongst the writers engaged in the wordy warfare of the times were Dryden, Marvel, Defoe, and sometimes, under the initials 'J. M.,' the author of 'Paradise Lost' himself. Of these tracts many were scarce even at the time of their original publication, so that on one occasion Charles I., it is said, gave as much as 10*l.* to read one, which he was only enabled to do by repairing to the owner's house in St. Paul's Churchyard. There is no more remarkable feature in the political literature of this country than the substitution of newspapers for pamphlets, which even in the eighteenth century, when newspapers had attained greater influence than in the Commonwealth era, still remained the favourite form assumed by the political press: in the days of the French Revolution pamphlets still continued to be written, and were only finally suppressed on the appearance of the quarterlies at the commencement of the present century. During the contest between Charles and the Parliament—a period which has been described

as the hotbed wherein the press of this country was forced into life and vigour—when the contending parties attacked each other on paper as fiercely as in the ‘fieriest action’ ever fought in the field, we reach the era of the ‘Mercuries’—a title which, though probably imported from France, yet belongs pre-eminently to the news-sheets of the contending armies. Their usual price was a penny, and the titles of some may now provoke a smile:

‘The Marine *Mercurie*, or a true relation of the strange appearance of a man-fish, about three miles within the river Thames, having a musket in one hand and a petition in the other: with a relation of Sir Simon Hartley’s victory over the rebels.’—1642.

‘*Mercurius Fumigosus*, or the Smoking Nocturnal.’—1644.

‘*Mercurius Medicus*, a sovereign salve for these sick times.’—1647. A year remarkable in the contests between the Parliament and the army.

‘*Mercurius Clericus*, or newes from Syon.’—1647.

In August, 1643, Marchmont Nedham, with political views rivalling the varied hues of the chameleon, enabling him to transfer his services from side to side with a marvellous adaptability, commenced the weekly issue of the Republican ‘*Mercurius Britannicus*.’ By-and-bye, we find him (September 14, 1647) publishing ‘*Mercurius Pragmaticus*’ in the Royal cause, and, again won back to the popular side, he commenced (June 13, 1650) ‘*Mercurius Politicus*’ once more in defence of the Commonwealth. These were the days when the press took the field with the respective armies, Barker, the King’s news printer, accompanying him as far as Newcastle in 1639, as, some years later, Christopher Leith, in a similar capacity, went down into Scotland with Cromwell. Papers thus published, however, were mere reports of the progress of the contending armies—war correspondence, in fact—issued wherever the contending forces might happen to be, and in no respect the forerunners of provincial journals, of which none appeared until many years later—not, indeed, until the year 1695. About this time, also, the first leading article is said to have made its appearance in the columns of the ‘*Moderate*,’ December 12, 1648, wherein the writer, after adverting to the exclusion of Ishbosheth when David succeeded Saul upon the throne, concludes that upon the authority of the Commonwealth the reign of all monarchs is dependent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 6, S. vi., December 1, 1882.



During the terrible contests of the Parliamentary war it is scarcely to be expected that we should find in the press a means of facilitating the sale of goods, or a vehicle for offering rewards for missing property; it is accordingly in the comparative breathing-time of the Commonwealth that people appear first to have discovered in newspapers a means for making known their wants. In journals of Commonwealth days, however, the heading 'Advertisements' constantly appears, and onward to the era of the Restoration publications bearing upon topics of current dispute are found commonly advertised. A sample of such are the following:—'Gospel marrow,' 'A few sighs from Hell, or the groans of a damned soul,' 'Michael opposing the Dragon, or a fiery dart struck through the kingdom of the serpent,' &c.

As to the appearance of the first of the great family of advertisements there has been no little dispute. It is said, however, to be contained in 'Perfect Occurrences of every day's journall in Parliament and other moderate Intelligence, Friday, April 2, 1647,' bringing to notice 'a book applauded by the clergy of England, called the Divine right of Church Government, collected by sundry eminent Ministers in the city of London.'<sup>1</sup> Booksellers, it would seem, were especially eager to avail themselves of the new means of attracting attention, and a new work by the author of 'Paradise Lost' (which, however, had not as yet appeared) is thus announced, September 1659, in 'Mercurius Politicus':—'Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church, wherein is also discussed of tithes, Church fees, Church revenues, and whether any maintenance of ministers can be settled by law. The author J. M. Sold by Livewell Chapman at the Crown, Pope's head alley.' A year previous a new and strange drink had been thus announced:—'That excellent and by all Physicians approved China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultan's head Cophee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London.' It has been asserted that Lords Arlington and Ossory were the first to introduce tea into this country from Holland in 1666, when it was sold for sixty shillings per pound; but there is evidence to show that a duty of eightpence per gallon had been levied on tea made for sale by Act of Parliament in 1660, and Pepys tells us (September 25, 1660) how he sent for a cup of tea—'a China drink, of which he had never drunk before.' Tea,

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 6, S. vi., December 1882.

indeed, was sold occasionally in England, though at the exorbitant price of from 6*l.* to 10*l.* per lb., as early as the year 1635.

Apart, however, from its violent political bias, the intelligence conveyed in the '*Mercuries*' partook largely of the credulous character of the times. Thus we find '*Mercurius Democritus*,' November 2, 1653, gravely announcing that 'a perfect mermaid was, by the last great winde, driven ashore near Greenwich, with her combe in one hand and her lookinge glasse in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most fair and beautiful woman, with her arms crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterwards, she, gently turning herself upon her back again, swamme away without being seen any more.' There were constant inquiries also for runaway servants, not a few of whom probably perished in the battles of the great war; and it is a prevailing characteristic that the missing ones seem generally marked by the small-pox, or, in the language of the time, 'speckled with pockholes.' Advertisements for journeymen invariably preferred such as 'have had the small-pox,' no one wishing to find himself saddled with an apprentice who had not passed the ordeal of the terrible scourge. Herein is little encouragement for the views—and arguments, if such they can be called—of the anti-vaccinationists of modern days. Negro boys, used as pages after the Italian fashion, swarmed in the country, and were carefully polled by the Puritans, as their custom was. Strange as it may now read, a black boy was announced to be sold by auction, in the columns of a Liverpool paper, so lately as the year 1779. The chief newspapers under Cromwell were '*Mercurius Politicus*' and the '*Public Intelligencer*,' both published by order of Parliament, and, conjointly, the foundation of the '*London Gazette*.' By-and-bye we begin to read in the '*Perfect Diurnal*' (1659–1660) the earliest description of rejoicings all over the country at the dawn of the Restoration era; nor had the King long come to his own again ere his fondness for dogs is illustrated by inquiries made through the medium of the press for the lost, stolen, or strayed among his canine favourites. In June 1660 appears an advertisement 'for a smooth black dog, less than a greyhound, with white under his breast, belonging to the King's Majesty. Any one giving notice to John Ellis, one of H.M.'s servants,' was to receive a reward. The Restoration era, how lax soever morally, was yet rigorous enough and to spare in the matter of press-censorship. The first attempt to interfere with the free circulation of the press seems to have been made by

Laud, who (July 1637) procured a decree limiting the number of master printers in London to twenty, and prescribing whipping and the pillory as the punishment for any who should print without licence.<sup>1</sup> Some half-dozen years later it was seriously discussed in the journals of the day whether one cause of the troubles which had befallen the kingdom might not be that the Archbishop had not yet been tried, 'the sparing of him having been a great provocation to heaven.' Ten years subsequent to Laud's decree Parliament took up the subject of the liberty of the press, with the result that a regular licenser was appointed, and in 1663 Sir Roger L'Estrange was endowed with 'all the sole privilege of writing, printing, and publishing all Narratives, Advertisements, Mercuries, Intelligences, Diurnals, and other books of public intelligence, with power to search for and seize unlicensed and treasonable, schismatical and scandalous books and papers.' The first fruits of this appointment appeared in the publication of the 'Public Intelligencer' (August 31, 1663), containing an obituary, some account of the proceedings in Parliament, with a list of circuits of judges, Lent preachers, &c. L'Estrange himself was by no means an advocate for freedom of the press, deeming it calculated, under ordinary circumstances, to make the people too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, and to give them a colourable right and license to meddle with the Government of the country.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, as times were, he was ready to admit the necessity for a 'Gazette,' published under prudent management, to redeem the people from their former mistakes and preserve them against the same for the future. The promulgation of views such as these did but increase the odium in which L'Estrange was already held, and even Queen Mary showed the contempt she felt for him by penning the anagram—

Roger L'Estrange  
Lye strange Roger.<sup>3</sup>

L'Estrange's 'Intelligencer' was superseded November 13, 1665, by the first number of the 'Gazette,' published at Oxford, where the Court had taken up its abode during the time of the plague; a paper which, in the month of February following, came out as the 'London Gazette,' and has since appeared in continuous series twice weekly for two hundred and twenty years. One of

<sup>1</sup> Andrewes, *History of Journalism*, vol. i. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Nicholl's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iv. 56.

<sup>3</sup> Grant, *Newspaper Press*, vol. i. 24.

the earliest advertisements which appeared in this paper refers to the condition of things consequent on the great Fire thus:—‘Such as have settled in new habitations since the late fire, and desire, for the convenience of their correspondents, to publish the place of their present abode, or, to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements.’ An invitation to which it is said little regard was paid. Quack doctors were a class early alive to the advisability of availing themselves of the newly-discovered means for bringing to notice their varied nostrums, whether lozenges and pectorals for coughs and colds, electuaries against the plague, or the special virtues of the ‘magnetical or antimonical cup, a most sovereign remedy against malignant fevers.’ Constant also were the inquiries made for missing steeds, due perhaps to the increased value of horseflesh consequent on the Civil War, or to the establishment of public conveyances; for it is announced in ‘*Mercurius Politicus*’ for April 1, 1658, that from the 26th of that month coaches would run from the George Inn, Holborn Bridge, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday: among other places to Salisbury in two days, at a fare of 20s.; to Exeter in four days, fare 40s.; to York in four days, fare 40s.; and to Edinburgh once a fortnight, at a fare of 4*l*. Somewhat later signs of lawlessness and of a disposition to use personal violence are observable. These were the days of the seizure of the Crown jewels by Blood, and of the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey on Primrose Hill, so that we are not surprised to read how some few evenings prior to December 26, 1679, Mr. John Dryden had been assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and that a reward of 50*l*. was offered for the discovery of the assailants. Between the years 1661 and 1668 no fewer than seventy new journals were started, but persecution ultimately drove most of them out of the field, save such as were of a non-political character, whose worthless contents may be judged from titles such as these:—‘News from Kensington, being a relation how a maid there is supposed to have been carried away by an evil spirit,’ 1674; ‘Strange news from the deep, with an account of a large prodigious whale,’ 1677.

Toward the close of James II.’s reign, the thirst for news is described as amounting to an epidemic, which proved absolutely fatal to the comfort and happiness of many families, small shopkeepers and even handicraftsmen spending the entire

day in the coffee-houses, while their wives and children were starving at home. By-and-bye came the Revolution, nowise delayed by publications such as the following, announced in the 'Gazette' March 8, 1688: 'Catholic Loyalty, upon the subject of Government and Obedience, a sermon delivered before the King and Queen in His Majesty's Chapel, Whitehall, 13 June, 1687, by the Rev. Father Scaraisbroke, of the Society of Jesus. Published by H.M.'s command.' With the Revolution the new Government established the 'Orange Intelligencer' and the 'Orange Gazette,' and in the first four years of the reign of William and Mary (1688-92), twenty-six papers sprang into existence. These journals, however, were generally small in size and meagre in contents. The 'Orange Intelligencer' appeared but twice a week, and consisted of two pages, the number on December 11, 1688, boasting only two advertisements. Gigantic, indeed, were the strides made in the century ensuing, when exactly one hundred years later the first number of the 'Times' appeared, containing ten times as much matter, four pages of four columns each, no fewer than sixty-three advertisements, intelligence home and foreign, poetry, shipping news, and gossip. In 1690 the Licensing Act was renewed, but with an amount of opposition sufficient to show that the public mind was beginning to recognise, albeit but dimly, the importance of freedom of discussion; and in two years more (May 3, 1695) English literature was for ever set free from the control of a Government censor. It unfortunately fell out, a short while after, that a malicious paragraph, discrediting the Exchequer bills, on which, at the time, depended the commercial prosperity of the country, brought the question of the censorship once again before the House of Commons. On this occasion, however, but a small minority of voices were raised in favour of restraining the infant liberty of the press.

As journals increased in number and influence, the advantages of the advertising system made themselves more apparent, so that at a cost of about eight lines for one shilling the columns of the press were used for the supply of needs such as are by no means unfelt at the present day: for an agent kindly offers to minister to the wants of several men and women whose friends would gladly have them married, and assures all such as will employ him that his services may be relied on with all the honour and secrecy imaginable, adding 'the more comes to me the better I shall be able to serve 'em.' Another can help to a customer, if there be in possession of any of the clergy or their relicts 'a

complete set of MS. sermons on the Epistles and Gospels, the Catechism, or Festivals.'

In 1695 appeared the first country newspaper, as the 'Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury.' The prospectus of one of these early county papers, 'The Salisbury Postman, or packet of intelligence from France, Spaine, Portugal,' &c., September 27, 1715, ran thus:—'This paper contains an abstract of the most material occurrences of the whole week, foreign and domestic, and will be continued every post, provided a sufficient number will subscribe for its encouragement. If two hundred subscribe, it shall be delivered to any public or private house in town every Monday, Thursday, or Saturday morning, by eight o'clock in winter, and by six in summer, for 1½*d.* each. Besides the news, we perform all other matters belonging to our art and mystery, whether in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Algebra, Mathematics, &c.' By 1782 the number of provincial papers had increased to fifty.

A vivid description of the state of the roads in this country in winter-time two centuries ago is given in the following extract from the 'Collections for Husbandry and Trade,' March 10, 1693:—'The roads are filled with snow, we are forced to ride with the packet over hedges and ditches. This day seven night my boy with the packet and two gentlemen were seven hours riding from Dunstable to Hockley but three miles, barely escaping with their lives, being often in holes and forced to be drawn out with ropes. A man and woman were found dead within a mile hence, and six horses lie dead on the road between Hockley and Brickhill smothered.'

The opening of the year 1702 had seen Defoe (the well-known author of 'Robinson Crusoe'), the confidential friend of William III., and, to all appearance, on the highway to fame and fortune. The early days of the year following found him in Newgate, the result of the publication of a satirical pamphlet, entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' Though, as he himself remarked in allusion to his undeserved fall, he had within half a year tested the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate, his greatest work was commenced while he was still in prison—'The Review of the State of the English Nation,' published at first as a weekly paper, afterwards twice, and by-and-bye thrice a week, consisted of four quarto pages. No other pen than that of Defoe was ever employed, though the work included essays on almost every branch of human know-



ledge. The imposition of the newspaper tax brought the publication to an end the 11th June, 1713, with the words 'Exit Review.'<sup>1</sup> We now reach the period in the reign of Queen Anne when journalism assumed the character which it has since retained, a period to which Hallam refers as that of the publication of regular party organs, designed alike for the communication of intelligence and the discussion of political affairs.<sup>2</sup> The year 1712 was one of much importance in newspaper history, the imposition of a tax, in the shape of a stamp to be placed on every paper, having been determined upon. The Act came into force August 1, 1712, the design of the stamp being a rose and thistle united at the stalk enclosing the shamrock, the whole surmounted by a crown, and continued in force, with many modifications, until the year 1855. The immediate result of this expedient was the cessation of a multitude of low-class newspapers with their wretched record of prodigies and wonders. 'Do you know,' writes Swift to Stella, referring to this subject, 'that Grub St. is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it close the last fortnight and published *at least* seven papers of my own, besides some of other peoples; but now every half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen.' In 1731 appeared the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' started by Edward Cave, a printer, of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; the prospectus described the newspaper press as so multiplied that it had become impossible to consult all the journals of the day, 'no less than two hundred half-sheets a month appearing in London, and as many more elsewhere in the three kingdoms.' In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' under the fictitious title of 'Debates in the Senate of Lilliput,' were published reports of the proceedings in Parliament, an expedient by which were avoided the penalties wherewith the House of Commons had resolved to visit any who should so far violate the sanctity of its privileges. It was on his share in the composition of these debates that Dr. Johnson, on his dying bed, looked back with deep regret, as on an imposition which he had practised upon the world. As we approach the troublous era of the '45 we find Fielding zealously defending the House of Brunswick by publishing the 'True Patriot,' whose first number appeared in the November of that year; the satire and sarcasm here outpoured on the waning hopes

<sup>1</sup> Lee's *Life and newly-discovered Writings of Defoe*, vol. i. pp. 81-85.

<sup>2</sup> *Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 396.

of the Stuarts were hardly less calculated to assuage the popular anxiety than the forces bivouacked at Finchley under the King and the Earl of Stair. In the 'General Advertiser'—the first attempt made to bring out a journal which should depend for success upon advertisements alone—there sometimes appear notifications of party dinners about this time, thus:—'Half Moon Tavern, Cheapside. Saturday next, 16th April (1748), being the anniversary of the glorious battle of Culloden, the Stars will assemble in the Moon at six in the evening. Therefore the choice spirits are desired to make their appearance and fill up the joy.'

Meantime the thirst for news continued to increase, the number of newspapers annually sold in England in the year 1760 reaching a total of 9,464,790. Dr. Johnson ('Idler,' November 11, 1758) expressed his astonishment at the extraordinary multiplication of the writers of news, every large town having its weekly historian, who filled the villages of the surrounding district with conjectures of the war and debates on the true interests of Europe. But we must pass rapidly on towards a period ever destined to occupy a prominent place in journalistic annals: on Saturday, April 23, 1763, there appeared No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' destined to bring about the trial, expulsion from the House of Commons, and outlawry of John Wilkes, M.P. for Aylesbury, subsequently Sheriff, Lord Mayor, and Chamberlain of the City of London. From its first appearance, alike by reason of its wit and power and by the virulence of its attacks on Lord Bute, whom the public so cordially hated, the journal gradually progressed in popular favour. The twelfth number was barely reached when Wilkes found himself engaged in a duel with Lord Talbot on Bagshot Heath, and on the publication of No. 44 Bute resigned; but it was in the number ensuing that the article appeared describing the King's speech on the opening of the Parliament of 1762 as the 'most abandoned instance of Ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed upon mankind.' The House declared the article an infamous and seditious libel, an announcement instantly followed up by the issue of a general warrant against the authors, printers, and publishers of the paper, conformably with which Wilkes was sent to the Tower, though subsequently released on the decision of the Common Pleas that his offence did not abrogate his privilege as a member of Parliament. He was subsequently, by a small majority, expelled the House, afterwards, as sheriff, cordially supporting the publication of the proceedings of Parliament, which had been previously

conducted with every pretence of secrecy. In the year 1771, some notes of speeches, with speakers' names, being for the first time published in the papers, the printers were ordered into custody by the House, and carried before the magistrates at the Mansion House, of whom Wilkes was one. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, refusing to convict, were sent to the Tower, but triumphantly released on the prorogation ensuing. From this time, though perfect freedom of utterance was not yet yielded, no fewer than 101 persons having been prosecuted for political libels, written or spoken, so lately as between 1807 and 1821, Parliament no longer contested its proceedings being reported in the press, thereby putting an end to a strife which had endured for upwards of half a century.

On April 28, 1767, there appeared in the 'Public Advertiser' the first of a series of letters signed 'Junius,' whose identity conjecture has been ever busy to discover. The opinion at the present day is all but universal that the writer of this remarkable series of letters was Sir Philip Francis, Lords Macaulay and Brougham having concurred in the opinion that, if Francis be not the author, no further confidence can be reposed in circumstantial evidence. No fewer than thirty-five names have, however, been put forward as entitled to the distinction of the authorship of these letters, amongst others those of Lord Chesterfield, Burke, Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Lord George Sackville, and even George III. himself. Sixty-nine letters in all appeared, the last on January 21, 1772, and when Junius ceased to write, the monthly sale of the paper had risen from 47,515 to 83,950. In our own day efforts to discover the identity of the writer have been extended in new directions, and the aid of Mr. Chabot, the expert in handwriting, has been called in to investigate and compare the writing of Junius, with the result that another link has been forged in the chain of evidence assigning the authorship of these remarkable letters to Sir Philip Francis.

In the year 1777 seventeen newspapers were published weekly in London, the annual sale of newspapers in England having by this time increased to upwards of thirteen millions. Under the signature 'A Citizen of the World,' Oliver Goldsmith now commenced his contributions to the 'Public Ledger.' His opinion of the conductors of the press was by no means an exalted one. 'You must not imagine,' he writes, 'that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or government of the State: they only collect their

materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.'

On January 1, 1788, John Walter, of Printing House Square, commenced the publication of the 'Times,' originally started in 1785 as the 'Daily Universal Register,' a journal which in early days gave slender promise of the proud position it has since attained. Its circulation as late as 1803 did not exceed 1,000 copies daily at a time when 4,500 copies of the 'Morning Post' were daily distributed. The 'Times' was for some years printed by the logographic system, a process which, though ultimately found to be wholly unsuitable, was strenuously supported by Mr. Walter for several years subsequent to the first appearance of his journal. The essence of the system consisted in substituting words and terminations of words most frequently in use for the individual letters of which each word is composed, and to this end, as Mr. Hunt in his 'Fourth Estate' explains, it was necessary to order from the foundry, instead of letters, parcels made up separately of words—such as 'heat,' 'cold,' 'murder,' 'fire,' 'dreadful robbery,' 'fearful calamity,' and 'alarming explosion.' The 'Times' at the date of its first appearance, and, indeed, for many years afterwards, had no leading articles, though it was ever well supplied with news, and derived a considerable revenue from advertisements.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the 'Times' was started the first daily evening paper, 'The Star'; but newspaper property was as yet by no means valuable, for in 1795 the copyright of the 'Oracle' with a circulation of 800 a day was bought for 80*l.*, and the copyright and materials of the 'Morning Post' with a circulation of 350 a day fetched only 60*l.* We have now descended the stream of newspaper history from its source to the close of the last century, when any sketches of its early days must assuredly be brought to a conclusion. Severely as the press may have been handled in earlier periods—in days when Leighton was whipped, pilloried, and his nose slit, Lilburne received five hundred lashes, Bruton, Bastwick, and Prynne lost their ears and were sentenced to life-long imprisonment, and Steele and Wilkes were expelled the House of Commons—the various administrations in the reign of George III. bore a tyrannous hate against

it. The stamp duty, which had been a penny at the commencement of the reign, was increased to twopence in 1789, a sum increased to sixpence when a further addition was made to the Newspaper Tax in 1797. Nevertheless, so mighty was the change brought about by Mr. Palmer's improvement in the system of mail communication that the number of newspapers passing through the post, which had previously not exceeded two millions, was augmented to no less than twelve.

It may serve the double purpose of appropriately closing this paper and concluding the references we have made to the manners and customs of our forefathers if we glance at the celebration of the birthday of the Duchess of Wurtemberg while George III. was staying at Weymouth in the year 1798. The full programme of sports is contained in the 'Times,' October 3, 1798, and is given by Dr. Wynter in his work, 'Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers.' The following are but a selection from the list of sports which took place at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, and the auspicious event was celebrated, there is no reason to doubt, in a manner at the time deemed most appropriate.<sup>1</sup>

'To be played for at Cricket, a round of beef,—each man of the winning set to have a ribband.

'A pound of tobacco to be grinned for.

'A handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle and suspended by a string.

'A good hat to be cudgelled for.

'A barrel of beer to be rolled down the hill—a prize to whoever stops it.'

It is needless to point to the sweeping change made in the mode of celebrating the birthdays of members of the Royal House even in the past seventy years.

W. F. NELSON.

<sup>1</sup> Grant, *The Newspaper Press*, vol. i. p. 226,

## *A Summer Night.*

THE crescent moon sinks slowly down  
 And, seeming to my fancy's eye  
 A silver galley in the sky,  
 Hangs low above the sleeping town ;

Hangs low above the little bay,  
 Touching the dancing waves with light,  
 Where once on such a summer night  
 Perchance some Viking warship lay.

Far out with measured stroke and slow  
 A boat is drawing to the shore,  
 I hear the creaking of the oar  
 And distant voices deep and low.

Then closing eyes I seem to hear  
 The old sea rover's boats that slip  
 From out the shadow of the ship  
 As in some long forgotten year

When towering o'er the moonlit deep  
 Came the long dragons of the North,  
 And the fierce sons of Thor stole forth  
 To fall upon the town in sleep.

Here where the quiet moonbeams stray  
 Across the beach and up the street,  
 Was heard the tread of sudden feet  
 And clash of steel and war horns' bray.

The startled watchman, catching breath  
 Even with the white blade at his throat,  
 Blew loud and clear one warning note,—  
 And found his swift reward in death.



Then shriek and shout and clash of brand,  
Wild cries of triumph and despair  
Borne on the fragrant summer air  
Echoed about the shuddering land ;

Echoed, and sank and died away.  
Then silence held the night again  
Save for the oarsmen's wild refrain  
As the long ship swept down the bay.

Across the starlit silence drew  
A formless shadow, and below  
Pale tongues of light shot to and fro  
Now gleaming red now ghastly blue.

Till flushed the sky with lurid red  
As leaped to heaven the sudden fire  
Wrapping in one vast funeral pyre  
The blood-stained streets and quiet dead.

And still the waves went murmuring  
The pebbled beaches far along  
That wonderful and world-old song  
Which here to-night I hear them sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon is gone, a rosy gleam  
Is brightening in the Eastern sky,  
The blood and flame of days gone by  
Have vanished with my waking dream.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

## *Mine Enemy.*

I AWOKE from a long, hideous dream, and found myself in hell.

I do not blame any one but myself. I was young—barely twenty, I think—and alone in the world, and had yielded to a sudden temptation. But the thing was done, and I had done it—no excuses would avail to alter that fact—and there I was—a condemned felon, convicted of forgery, and now on board the convict vessel bound for Van Diemen's Land.

I am not going to describe that floating place of torment. For a long time I was ill enough to hope that I might be going to die, but recovered before the *Devon* anchored in the Derwent River. My first year passed, I hardly know how. I can say I got through it—that is all. And then a gleam of hope came to me. I heard that I was to be 'assigned.'

The number of 'hands' that arrived by our ship had been in excess of the demand, and, as I was not very strong just then, I was passed over, and abler ones chosen instead. But now my turn had come, and I was glad. I did not fear work and hardship, and the loneliness of the Bush would be a blessed thing—after the companionship I had known.

Mr. Richard Young, of Mangana. I knew him by name. I had heard of him as the pioneer of the Huon River district, and seen him once or twice when he came to Hobart. Once, I remember, he passed by when we were working on the road, and I thought to myself that, had I been a free man with nothing to be ashamed of, I should have liked to have him for a friend. I felt fascinated by his handsome face and gallant bearing, and the keen, level glance of his blue eyes. There always is something strangely inspiring in the sight of a strong man, whose strength is perfectly managed, and informed by an iron will and a mettlesome spirit. If he did look a trifle haughty and supercilious,

what could you expect of a man who seemed born to carry everything before him?

And he was to be my master. It was a priceless boon to escape from the convict barrack on any terms, but I felt a strange gladness over and above, to know that I had been chosen for his service, and to find myself really on the road to Mangana Station.

It was a large new frame-house, in appearance about midway between the squatting-station and the settled home. It stood alone in the Bush, on a sheltered, sunny hillside of the Huon Valley, and the first sight of it seemed to me like a distant glimpse of Paradise.

I was engaged as cook—there was a scarcity of women-servants in the colony in those days, and I was scarcely fit for rough work. The whole thing seemed intensely absurd—for trouble had not deadened a keen sense of the ludicrous—and all the old associations, the contrasts and comparisons that flashed across me, made it difficult for me to receive Mrs. Young's orders for the first time with a grave face. But the novelty soon wore off, and I liked the position well enough.

Mr. Young was fairly hard to please—I soon found that out—also that he had a quick temper and a sharp tongue, and, moreover, was not particular about his language when addressing a 'hand.' Yet he was what is usually called a gentleman, and with a good deal more right to the title than many others I have known. I felt the full force of the fascination he had for me, when I saw him in company with his friends, or his beautiful, light-hearted young wife—or, in fact, in any other capacity but that of the employer of convict labour. He did not seem to think of his 'hands' as human at all; to those whom he recognised as equals, or even as fellow-men, he was frankly good-natured and often generous, if at times impetuous and overbearing—but he looked on us as the scum of the earth—I suppose he was not far wrong—and took no pains to conceal his opinion. I felt my blood boil sometimes at his angry or contemptuous words, and then I remembered that I was only a 'hand,' and could expect nothing else, even from men whom the world counted just and kind; and thought, with unspeakable bitterness how, if things had been otherwise, I might have sat at this man's table and called him friend.

He held the fixed persuasion, common to many settlers, and justified by the facts in only too many cases, that no good could

be expected of a 'hand' under any circumstances—that he could not be trusted out of sight one moment, and that nothing but the fear of the lash would ever get any work out of him. I once heard him say so to his wife, quite indifferent to my presence, and I inwardly resolved that, cost what it might, I at least would be a proof to the contrary, and give no cause for complaint.

I thought I was succeeding fairly well, but as time went on my efforts did not seem to better my position. It seemed to me that the more I tried to do my duty the more I irritated him. Perhaps he fancied I was trying to curry favour with him. Anyhow, lazy and insolent as the other assigned servants might be, and severely as he came down on their delinquencies, he was never on the watch to find fault with them, as I firmly believed he was with me. I bore it all, somehow, thereby earning full measure of contempt from my fellows. It was apathy, partly, no doubt; that prison life, and very likely the weakened health that resulted from it, exercised a strange, deadening influence on my feelings. After the first gleam of new hope had died away, a sense of weary indifference used to come upon me. I let his anger pass over me as a thing that did not concern me in any way. It could not provoke me—I hardly seemed to understand what he said. Then, too, the prudence taught by miserable experience came in to check the hot blood of youth, that was not quite frozen yet, spite of all. I knew I was utterly in his power—that the law allowed him to send any convict servant of his, of whom he chose to complain, to the nearest police-station to be flogged, on no evidence but his own bare word. And then—though my hope of a brighter present was gone, I had not lost heart for the future. My fourteen years could not last for ever—I knew that they might even be shortened, and I was not going to imperil my chance of that, for the sake of asserting myself—even supposing, as I bitterly thought, that I had a self to assert—against injustice.

Perhaps I was mean-spirited—it would have been a wonder if I had not been—so utterly broken was I. Yet not utterly broken surely, or I could not have had that one strong purpose—I call it strong, because my whole strength, my very soul, was in it—to cleave to the good. I had been tempted, sometimes in my despair and self-contempt, to cast in my lot once for all with evil, and get the gain of that at any rate. I had known the torture of the longing to find forgetfulness in drink—I half envied the

fearless evil-doers, who broke loose from every law to a free life in the Bush. If I could not attain to

The soldier-saints who, row on row,  
Burn upward to the point of bliss—

if God would not have me, why spend my life in a miserable, ineffectual struggle to escape the devil? My struggle was not, I dare say, a very heroic one to the eyes of the angels—but, weak as I was, my will was firm, and I did not yield.

Months went on, and times grew harder at Mangana. Whether it was that Young treated me worse, or that I noticed it more—for better health brought back renewed quickness of feeling and interest in life—every day grew more intolerable. A dull, rankling dislike had long been growing up in my heart; solitary brooding was fast ripening it to hate. I had no friends, no companions. The free men, of course, would have scorned to associate with me; the 'hands' despised me as a renegade. There was only one man—a great, rough-looking, kind-hearted stockman, who feared neither man nor devil, and treated Young with a calm assumption of equality—that ever had a kindly word for me. He never, to do him justice, lost the chance of bestowing one, and, lonely as I was, his rough sympathy was inexpressibly dear; but he was mostly away at the hut on Murdoch's Creek, and only came down to the head station now and then.

At last the crisis came. I forget now how it began. Something he said—he always rated one like a hound for the veriest trifles—stung me beyond endurance, and I answered back lightly, growing reckless in my despair. He looked at me with that dangerously quiet smile of his that always meant mischief, and then he sat down and wrote a note, and told me to ride up with it to the nearest police-station.

'I'll make your life a burden to you,' I heard him say between his teeth. 'I'll break you in if I kill you in doing it, see if I don't!'

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Young kept his word. I think he wanted to drive me into open defiance. It was utterly incomprehensible to me at the time; it would be still if I had not seen over and over again how the possession of arbitrary power makes tyrants of men not naturally cruel. Whether he wished it or not, he did so at last.

Weeks and months went by, each one darker and more wearing

than the last. Even the last faint gleam of comfort had left me. Donovan, my only friend, was dead—speared by the blacks in the Bush. He had done what he could for me. I heard afterwards that he had tried to get Young to send me up to Murdoch's Creek as his hut-keeper—vainly, of course. How bitterly I wished it could have been; I might have been at rest by now, for I would have died with him—I could not have run away and left him, like the man who brought the news.

I had harder work to do now. He seemed to take a delight in ordering impossible tasks; and I knew well enough what awaited me if I failed to perform them. It might have been a week after we heard of Donovan's death that I was at work one evening on the edge of the Bush, on a heap of newly-split fence-posts. I had to bore them, eight holes to each, and had been told that forty must be finished that night. Try as I might, it seemed hopeless, and I was weak and wretched—it is hardly necessary to say that I had ridden to the district station the day before with another of those innumerable notes of Young's.

There he was, riding along the creek with his friend, Captain Macnamara. I could hear them laughing where I stood. He had a singularly pleasant laugh, and I never knew anything more genial and winning than the tone of his voice when he chose—or rather when he did not choose to make it otherwise. How bright and handsome and full of life he was! . . . and Donovan dead in the Bush!

They passed on out of sight, and I went on with my work, sunk in listless, bitter thoughts. But before very long I heard voices, and saw them approaching. So he was coming to inspect the work, was he?

Of course there was the same old scene. Of course he stormed and swore at me, threatened and abused; but I did not take it silently this time. I was reckless now. I defied him to his face. I cursed him in words that, three months ago, would have burned my lips. Things that I had heard, as in evil dreams, and striven to forget, came back to me out of my own heart—I never knew before how much I had learnt in hell! I think if I had been stronger I should have sprung upon him as he stood, and tried to kill him with my bare hands.

'So that's it, is it?' he cried, with his ringing laugh. 'You've come out in your true colours at last, have you?'

Captain Macnamara kept his head turned away. I heard him whisper, 'Don't you see the man's *mad*?'. I did not hear what



Young answered, and did not much care. To cut matters short, I was sent handcuffed up to the district station the same evening, and the end of it was I was sentenced to the chain-gang.

That night was the finally decisive one of my life. As I lay awake in the cell at the police barrack I was filled with one longing, only one. Every thought and wish and feeling seemed fused and welded by a strong flame into hate. Oh, how I hated him! I forgot everything—pain and weariness and shame—all but the desperate longing to kill him, and my own miserable impotence to gratify it.

Oh! to have him lying under me and feel my hands at his throat, and see that handsome, haughty face distort and grow horrible to look on in his last agony, and the light go out of those disdainful blue eyes! Oh! the delight of imagining it—and the fierce, mad reaction when I knew that it could not be! . . . Yet could it not? Could I not escape maybe, find some plan . . . ?

No thought of pity or justice, of right or wrong, came to hold me back. I felt no horror of the deed. The only question was, Could it be done?

Then, suddenly, as I was calculating chances and probabilities, it flashed on me—*Supposing I had done it?* The thought leapt before me as distinctly as though it had been written in letters of fire on the dark. I should be—that which I loathed. I should be the devil I had prayed and agonised not to become. I should be one with the sickening life around me, without help or hope or redemption. For I should then have lost the only help that was mine now.

It was the horror of this that came upon me and struck the purpose and the longing from my soul at one blow. I threw myself down with my face to the earth, and prayed, as I had never prayed before, at the worst of my need—to be saved from myself.

Slowly, as the rush of agony subsided, it came back to me—the one comfort I had so nearly forfeited—the life I longed to live—the hope I had begun to cling to—the ideal I had all but renounced.

*He that hateth his brother . . .* Yes, I was a murderer. Oh! not that, merciful God, not that! Yet, a few minutes ago, I had accepted the fact calmly. No, no, I would not be that!

There was something new stirring in me. Hitherto I had

clung to my faith desperately, as a drowning man clings to a spar in the drenching surf, unconscious of all else, with fast-shut eyes and whirling brain. It was all I had to keep me from sinking in the foulness of that hideous death-in-life round me. I prayed, I may say, almost every hour of the day, and for the rest just shut my eyes tight, and endured.

But to-night I suddenly realised that my faith ought to be something more than this. It was a living law of life. The Man whose life on earth eighteen hundred years ago was sometimes all that kept me from despairing—in whom I believed as the One to save me from the fate I dreaded—had told His friends plainly that if they loved Him they would do His bidding.

Ay! there was the rub. If only something simpler than 'Bless them that curse you' would have come into my head that night!—so many other things would have been easier to resolve upon. But the very first thing I remembered was that passage—it came back to me, every word of it, with all its amplification of detail, as if to leave no possible loop-hole for escape. No; there it stood right in my path; there was no evading it. And if I deliberately turned my back upon it I knew there was no hope for me. I must sink and perish. For what right had I to claim His help while refusing to obey? Oh! why had He made it so cruelly hard to follow Him?

I had a hard fight of it. It was already growing light when I fell asleep, utterly exhausted, but at peace. And I had strange, vague dreams of walking in unknown meadows by a shadowy river-side, with a man who was my friend, and when I turned and looked in his face, I knew that it was Richard Young, and somehow I was not surprised—but I know no more.

I don't say it was easy to keep to my resolution, or that I always succeeded. I know I did not. But I am not going to record my feelings, my struggles and failures for the next few months. My lot was, if anything, worse than before, and, it seemed, with no hope of relief. Yet, now and then, I met with rough kindnesses from men I had learnt to look on as steeped in evil—touches of human sympathy that made life a shade more endurable. But, looking back to those days, I sometimes wonder I have lived till now.

It came to an end at last; all things must, though I had little hope of any end save *one*. I was assigned a second time to a man I knew nothing of, even by name. His station was a remote one among the Arthur Hills—a tract of wild timber-

country, where he was setting up a saw-mill on a branch of the Craycroft River. No change, I thought, could be for the worse now; more than that I did not hope. But the first time Gibson spoke to me I felt my heart go out to him. He was a plain, quiet, kindly man—a casual observer might have set him down as rough, but the very horses and dogs knew better than that.

I remember, camping out in the Bush on our way up to 'Gibson's,' how he drew all my story from me as we sat by the fire. He was, as he said of himself, 'never much of a one to talk,' and found great difficulty in putting his deeper thoughts into words; he only took my hand when he had heard it all, and looked at me with troubled, kindly eyes, without speaking. Afterwards, when we had rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lain down to sleep, I heard a hesitating 'Good night' from the other side of the fire.

'Good night,' I answered; but presently he spoke again.

'I'm afraid you'll have a hard time of it at first. It's a rough place—and you don't look very strong—and there's a deal to do with getting the timber down, and we're short of hands just now. But—I'll do all I can for you.'

I could see all that was really meant by those homely words, but I could not answer. I was struggling to stifle my sobs, as I prayed God to bless him. From that night forward I would have died for him.

It was, as he had said, a hard life up at the station, but it was so for him as much as for any of us. He was a man who always said, when there was work to be done, '*Come, and let's do it,*' not '*Go and do it;*' and when rations ran short, he fared no better than we did; so, whatever happened, none of us had any right to complain. Yes, those days at 'Gibson's' were the happiest I had known for years. Time passed away very quietly. It was with a start of surprise I realised one day that I had been on the station over three years. Life was not hopeless then, after all. I could yet rise above and leave behind the hideous past that I thought must cling to me for ever. Gibson, I know, did his best to make me forget it; he always treated me as a friend, and encouraged me to look forward, as I had never dared to do since life grew dark to me. There were over seven years of my sentence still to run; but, even if I did not obtain a ticket-of-leave and a conditional pardon before the end of that time, as Gibson was confident I should, I should only be thirty-four—young enough to begin the world again, he reminded me. 'Why, you can go over to the new settlement at

Port Phillip,' he said, 'or over to Western Australia, if you like it better; nobody will know you; and they won't care about what you *have been* so much as what you *are*. If you get a fair start, and a chance to show *that*, you'll soon be all right. Not that I'm in any hurry to lose you,' he added with a smile. 'I don't know what I shall do without you!'

I told him I did not mean to leave him as long as he would let me stay.

'No, no, my boy, you'll have to go, for your own sake. Well, we can talk about that when the time comes. If things don't look any better here by then, I think I shall sell the whole concern and go with you.'

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It was about the middle of March, I think, that I rode off one morning to the nearest settler's house, some twenty miles off, on the other side of the Craycroft, to ask for the loan of some bullocks to drag our timber down to the creek—it was too low to work the mill just then, but we expected a rise shortly—and also to inquire after a stray horse of our own. I reached 'Thornicroft's' in good time, executed the first part of my commission, but could hear nothing of the lost animal; and, as it was still early in the afternoon, determined to take a longer way home and look for it myself.

I thought myself well enough acquainted with the Bush to find my way, though I did not know the ground so well in this particular direction, and old Thornicroft, as I rode off, warned me to be careful, and even pressed me to wait till one of the station hands could be spared to go with me. I was anxious to return the same night, and incredulous of any danger, so I insisted, and left.

Mile after mile I rode, as I thought, in the direction of 'Gibson's' without finding a trace of the fugitive. It was already near sunset when it struck me that the look of the place was unfamiliar, and that I seemed to be getting no nearer the station. Still I thought I could not miss it by keeping steadily to the westward, but the farther I went the more completely I was at fault. I was 'bushed,' and no mistake. Still, it would probably involve no more than a night's camping out—and I was used to that—for I could, I thought, find my way back to Thornicroft's next morning.

I had no idea where I was, except for the conjecture that, in getting farther away from Gibson's than I had ever been before, I must be approaching the Huon River, and seeing some rising ground before me, hastened up it, thinking that I might get a more extended view from the top.

I saw before me a grassy valley, containing the bed of a good-sized stream, though there was very little water in it just then. Higher up, the dense forest came down close to the banks; where I stood, it was more like an open glade, with great stringy-barks growing here and there on the slopes, far enough apart to give an unobstructed view of a slab-hut about fifty yards below me, which I made for at once.

There was no one in it but the hut-keeper, who told me, in answer to my inquiries, that this was Murdoch's Creek, and that he was in the employ of Mr. Young, of Mangana.

I started at the name, and looked at the man again, but did not remember having seen him before, and he did not appear to recognise me. After all, I had never been up to this part of the run while I was at Mangana, though it was not more than ten or eleven miles from the head station, and the man might be a new hand. He was a repulsive-looking fellow enough, but extended to me the hospitality of tea and damper, and told me I might sleep there if I wanted, pointing to one of the bed-places fixed against the wall.

I was very tired, and not disposed to appreciate the hut-keeper's conversation, partly, I must own, from a nervous dread of being recognised and claimed for an old acquaintance, for I could see at a glance that the man was a 'lag,' though thankful to find I did not know him. I asked him once, as carelessly as I could, whether he knew a stockman here called Donovan, whereon, having shaken out the inmost recesses of his memory, he declared, in the ornate style which characterised him, that he had never heard of such a man, imparting incidentally much information, as that he had been at Mangana nearly six months, that it was a beastly place, and a great deal more, which I have forgotten, and only half attended to at the time. I pleaded fatigue, and tumbled into my bunk as soon as I could, having previously hobbled my horse outside and brought in the saddle, which I used as a pillow. In a little while I was asleep.

I always sleep lightly, and it could not have been very long before I awoke, aroused, I suppose, by the sound of voices outside.

Some instinct, I cannot tell what, prompted me, as three men entered the hut, to lie still and give no sign of being awake. It could not have been suspicion, for it was not till some minutes after that I knew I had heard one of the voices before. As I was quite in the shadow, I did not attract attention at first, and I could see them without moving, where I lay. The man whose voice I recognised had come out in the same ship with me; he had escaped and taken to the Bush some three years ago, and his name was dreaded throughout Buckingham. Another was a convict stockman I remembered—the same who had run away and left poor Donovan to his fate; the third I did not know.

They had gathered round the fire over their supper, conversing in short, broken growls, of which I could distinguish nothing intelligible, till the bushranger asked, in a louder tone, 'It's all ready, then?'

'Look out, mate,' said the hut-keeper. 'I forgot, there's a cove from Gibson's that's lost his way, here.'

The man started up with an oath: 'Why didn't you tell us, you fool?'

'He was fast asleep, and I forgot all about him till just now. He won't hear what you say if you don't wake him up. He's close-up dead-beat. Got a good horse outside, if you like to know that.'

The others were hardly satisfied. The stockman took up the tallow-candle which, stuck in a broken bottle, served to light the hut, and held it so that the light fell on my face. I managed to command my nerves and lay still, breathing as regularly as before. But I know, by the way the light flickered through my closed eyelids, that he gave a start of surprise, and heard his suppressed exclamation. Then he returned to the others, and there was a buzz of excited whispering, in which, more than once, I distinguished the name—long unused—of 'Devon Sandy.' Gibson, with his instinctive kindness, always called me 'Scott,' or, latterly, 'Alec.'

'Why don't you let him into it?' said the hut-keeper. 'I reckon he'd have a down on the boss if any one——'

'Catch me at it!' sneered the bushranger. 'The white-faced, canting sneak, he'd ruin the whole lot of us. I'd as soon shoot him as look at him. And, by ——, I will, too, if I find he's heard one word of this. I'll soon see whether he's awake. Give me the candle, Stringy-bark.'



He held it quite close to my face, and, seeing that I did not move, took his revolver, and holding it as close to my temple as he could without touching, clicked the trigger in my ear. I kept still, and never even twitched an eyelid, though I do not know to this day how I did it. And, besides this, it is a marvel to me that they took the trouble to see whether I was asleep or awake, instead of quietly killing me at once, and so settling the question; they might have done it without danger, and they certainly were not plagued with scruples. But the fact remains—they did not.

They returned at their ease to the discussion of their plans, talking in an undertone, but still not too low for me to hear, and afterwards more loudly, as they gradually forgot their fears. I strained every nerve not to lose a word. They were going to attack Mangana that very night—plunder partly, but mostly revenge. Dick Young was not beloved among his subordinates. Stringy-bark, the hut-keeper, hated him, so did Bill, the stock-man, so did—and more violently than either—Tim Rourke, who, I learnt for the first time, had been assigned to Young too. As for the fourth man, he was a follower of Rourke's, and probably took his chief's word for it that Young was the most detestable of the human species. I found that the servants in the house, all but three, who were excepted by name, and all strangers to me, were either in the plot or assumed to be friendly; that the cook, whom Bill claimed as his sweetheart, had promised to poison the dogs and unfasten the door; that the attack was to be made about an hour after midnight; that Mr. and Mrs. Young, and, *if necessary*, the three servants mentioned, were to be murdered and the house fired.

I do not know that I felt any great fascination of horror as I lay listening to this. The one idea that filled my mind was that I might prevent it, and all my energies were actively engaged on the problem—*how*. Only, for the moment, of course, my blood ran cold when I heard this:

'And *her*; you won't forget her, Tim?'

'I'll be — if I do! I'll be — if I should have gone to Macquarie but for her. What the devil business had she to go complaining of the hands? He was bad enough, but she set him on.'

'And that stuck-up piece, my lady's maid?' said the hut-keeper. 'She wouldn't have anything to say to you, eh, Bill?'

Bill, who was not a man of many words, swore a concise and vigorous oath, and an incipient burst of laughter that followed was suppressed by the entreating gestures of the hut-keeper.

‘She’s just such another as that——’ (myself, I suppose).

‘We’ll take her to the Bush with us and see how she likes that,’ remarked Rourke. ‘Now, look sharp, mates; if you want to get any sleep you’d better get it now, and, Stringy-bark, you call us when it’s time.’

They lay down in three of the remaining bed-places, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and were soon asleep—at least so I concluded—and I did not see why they should have taken the trouble to snore so loudly if they were not, since they believed me to be unconscious of their presence. Stringy-bark, taking a bottle of spirits to cheer his lonely watch, sat down by the door—I suppose for greater convenience in watching the stars, since he had no other timepiece—with his legs across the threshold. I was just weighing a wild idea of the possibility of opening negotiations with him when I saw that he was beginning to look sleepy, and reflected that his frequent ‘nips’—he took one about every five minutes—could not be conducive to wakefulness. Before very long I heard him joining in chorus with the rest; and, after waiting a short time to make sure, I sat up noiselessly and drew off my boots, and then, taking them in one hand (perhaps I might have saved myself that trouble, but they were not thoroughly well seasoned, and I was mortally afraid they would creak, though the floor was not even boarded), stepped as softly as I could across the hut, over Stringy-bark’s legs, and out into the open air.

Once round the corner, I could put my boots on at my leisure, and started to find my horse. I had left my saddle behind; the risk of taking it out was too great, and I was by this time quite able to ride without one, on occasion, though I preferred not doing so. It was now, if I could judge by the position of the Southern Cross, between ten and eleven. I had a good hour’s start, but it would be all I could do to get there in time. There was a sort of beaten track, and at about half the distance I knew the way quite well; still, I felt I was undertaking a hazardous business against fearful odds. But there was no going back or hesitating possible; I might fail; all I could do now was to trust in God and go on.

I found the way, forgetting all my former weariness in the

excitement of the hour. Now and then I felt chilled with horror, as I thought what would happen if the horse threw me and I were stunned or killed, or if I lost the track and got to the station too late? But I simply told myself that I *must* not do either of these things, and went on. At last the rush of the Huron River was in my ears; I saw the house outlined on the other side of the valley; and, tying my horse to a tree, and crossing by the ford—the water was low, or I could not have done it—found myself outside the veronica-hedge that bounded the garden.

All was quiet in the house, but there was still light in one of the upper front windows. I saw, with a throb of joy, that it was one which Young used as a sort of private study; he kept his papers there, and often sat in it alone, especially of evenings; and it could be reached from the roof of the verandah. I had feared he would have gone to bed, and wondered all the way how I could get speech of him without alarming the house.

The window was open, the blinds up, and I could see him, as he sat at a table writing—the same handsome head with the curling brown locks, the same face, the same attitude, only it seemed to me that he looked older, colder, and sterner. However, this was no time to think; I must get over into the garden. All was perfectly still. The cook must have kept her promise as regards the dogs. I drew off my boots again and crept up to the verandah, taking care to keep in the shadow, climbed up the corner post, and worked my way noiselessly along to the open window.

I called him softly before raising my head. He did not hear. I rose up, looked in, and was just opening my lips to speak again when he turned and saw me. In a twinkling he had seized the pistol that lay beside him on the table and fired. I knew I was hit—though, I thought, not badly—but contrived not to cry out or lose my hold of the sill.

‘Mr. Young,’ I said. ‘Hush! take care; don’t make a noise. I want to speak to you. May I come in?’

‘Not if I know it.’ He pointed his Derringer at me again. ‘You move, and I’ll fire.’

‘I am unarmed. I cannot hurt you. I have come to tell you you are in danger.’

‘Who and what the deuce are you?’

‘Mr. Young, don’t you remember me?’

He took up the lamp and came nearer.

'You, by all that's sinful! You're here for no good!'

'It's a matter of life and death. Let me in, sir; I can't tell who may be listening outside. If I lift a finger to attack you, or signal to any one below, shoot me dead at once.'

'Very well,' he said, taking aim. 'Come on.'

I swung myself into the room, and he, seeing that I was unarmed, lowered his weapon and, going to the window, looked out and listened for some minutes, but all was still. I told him the story in as few words as I could. He whistled thoughtfully, and looked at me keenly once or twice, but did not interrupt me. When I had done he said:

'Let me think. It's a quarter to one; they'll be here directly. I must trust you, I suppose; there's nothing else to be done. Not a soul to be counted on but Donald and the new fellow, Buckley—they're sleeping in the house—and the girl, Belle; she's a plucky creature, and may be of use. Mrs. Young's away.'

'Thank God for that!' I said involuntarily.

'I'll call them quietly. If those were the only ones in the house we might hold it against all comers, but there are those other two rascals, and the cook, in league, you say, with Rourke. We must just barricade ourselves in one of the upper rooms. We shall have five men against us, not counting that lot over at the quarters. I don't trust half of them. Still, I think we might hold out, unless they fire the house.'

'Wouldn't it be best to send for the soldiers from the district station?'

'Who's to go? Besides, they're watching, I don't doubt, and——'

'Let me go. They didn't hear me come, and I can get out the same way. I know the way. If I can find my horse again I'll get there in half an hour; if you and those two can hold that room, say an hour and a half, till they get here, it'll be all right.'

'Well, if you can do it. You'll find a horse in the out paddock, if yours isn't there. Stop a minute.' He caught me by the arm as I turned to go, and looked me right in the face.

'Why didn't you *say* I'd hit you?' he asked, in a tone I had never heard from him before. 'Sit down here. You can't go like that.'

I had felt no faintness as yet, but my brain reeled then, and I knew nothing more till I saw him standing beside me with a glass of wine in his hand, and heard him say, 'Drink this, now,' and as

I did so my strength came back. He bound up my arm with his handkerchief, never speaking, but lifting his eyes to mine, when he had done, with a look that seemed to go down to my very heart. Then he grasped my hand warmly, and I slipped out of the window and went on my way.

I found my horse where I had left him, mounted, and set off on my ride of life and death.

Somehow I felt firmly persuaded I should die that night. I had not thought about it particularly, but the conviction seemed to lie, like an undeniable hard fact, in the background of my consciousness. As I hastened through the ghostly Bush—through the silence broken by the movements and cries of weird nocturnal creatures, I felt as if I were already dead, so far-off and unreal did all my every-day life seem. I thought of Gibson, asleep in the hut by the saw-mill, or perhaps still up and waiting my return, as if he had been in some other world. There was something strange and uncanny, yet to me not at all unpleasant, about this lonely night-ride under the southern stars, with death at the other end of it. And ever and anon, through the pleasant, dreamy languor that was stealing over my brain, struck the sharp fear of coming too late; and I urged my horse on till, with one more effort and a last frantic rush, he staggered and fell under me in the courtyard of the police-station.

Captain Macnamara was there. I told him what I wanted, and entreated him to make haste; and sooner than I had dared to hope, the troop was ready, and started. They gave me a fresh horse and I rode with them, but the slow progress through the scrub, and along the narrow bush paths, was too much for my feverish impatience. Rourke and his gang must have reached it by this time; perhaps they were even now breaking into the room where Young and those two stood fighting to the last.

‘Do you think they can hold out till we come?’ asked Macnamara at last. I had been riding beside him, and had answered his questions in detail as to what had happened. He did not seem to recognise me, and I contented myself with telling him I was one of Gibson’s hands, and explaining how I had lost myself in the Bush and come to Murdoch’s Creek.

‘I don’t know,’ I said. ‘They’ll be there by now, and it will be at least another hour before we get there at this rate.’ For the second time that evening an impulse—strong and distinct as a suggestion from outside—flashed through me, and I obeyed it.

'Let me ride on and tell them you're coming. I can get on faster, and it may make all the difference.'

He assented, but I hardly waited to hear his answer. I dashed on, as though the Bush were on fire behind me, along a path I could never have ridden in that reckless way by daylight. But then there was no time to think. I reached the turn of the valley where Mangana came in sight; my heart beat quickly, and then almost stood still, with the dread of seeing the glare of flames against the sky; but the stars were shining over it untroubled as before. As I came nearer I saw lights down below and heard the snapping of shots; the upper rooms were dark—no, stay—from the turn in the road I had now reached I could see the back of the house, and from the corner window of the second floor light was visible through the closed venetian shutters. That must be the room they had chosen to barricade themselves in, as it had only one window, and that not accessible by the verandah like the front ones. I hitched my horse to the palings at the back, and again entered the garden. There was no one on the verandah, though the front door was open, and a confused noise to be heard from within. I climbed up, as before, by one of the posts—one cannot be a convict for three years without learning some of the agility as well as the cunning of the serpent—thence gained the roof by means of the creepers on the front of the house, and crossed it, till I was just over the venetian-shuttered window.

I lay stretched out along the edge and listened. Evidently the attacking force was concentrated on the stairs and in the corridor, for there were no signs of them outside. I seized the water-pipe and swung myself down, till my feet were on the sill, and grasping the shutters looked in. The door was barred with a chest of drawers and a table; Donald and Buckley, each with a rifle, stood firing through loop-holes cut in the wall, while Belle, Mrs. Young's maid—her black hair tied up in a handkerchief—pale as marble, but with steady fingers, handed them the cartridges as they required them. Young was standing by a table loading his Derringers. I called to him. He came and opened the shutters.

'They're coming,' I gasped, as I dropped into the room. 'Hold out half an hour longer, and they'll be here.'

'Just about time they were,' he said. 'Look here!'

There were only three cartridges left on the table, along with a small heap of bullets and some loose powder in a paper. Just as he spoke, Donald turned round,



'The cartridges are close-up done, sir. Have you any more?'

'None but these. Then you must try what you can do with these old bullets; cut them in halves if they're too large for the bore. That's all I have left. Save up your shots as much as you can, for as soon as they know we've done, they'll make a rush and batter the door down. They can do that if they like when Macnamara comes—not before. Here, you take this,' he said, turning to me; 'keep it till the last.'

He put one of the Derringers into my hand, and while I was looking at the loading, he laid his hand on my shoulder, as we stood together by ourselves in the middle of the room, and asked in a low voice, without looking at me:

'Tell me, what made you come here to-night?'

'I couldn't help it.' It was all I could find to say.

'Look here,' he said suddenly, nervously playing with his weapon, as it lay on the table, 'how should you think of me if I were to die just now?'

I turned my face to his, and the answer rose to my lips I cannot tell how:

'I should always remember that look you gave me when you were tying up my arm.'

He looked straight at me this time, right into my eyes, without a word, and then before them all he took me in his arms and kissed me.

'Forgive me!' I scarcely caught the faint whisper as his head lay on my shoulder, and I answered, 'All right!' We understood each other, and it was no time for talk. Scarcely had I spoken the words when there was another furious rush at the door, and Donald, firing one more shot, turned back and said with white lips, '*That's the last!*'

'Stand by me, Scott,' said Young, taking his Derringer in his hand, and I stood up beside him, filled with a strange awe-struck joy. No, I would not have changed lots that night with any one on earth.

'I suppose it's a matter of minutes now,' he said quietly. 'If——'

'*Hark!*' It was a thrilling woman's cry, almost a scream; and Belle turned round on us from the window with flaming dark eyes and outstretched hands. 'Don't you hear them, sir? *They're coming!*'

We could hear nothing as yet; but, straining our ears, after awhile, we caught the sound of advancing horses' feet, and raised

all our five voices in such a 'coo-ee' as none of us had ever heard before. There was an answering cheer nearer than we had dared hope, and the horse I had ridden, tied to the palings below, neighed loudly, scenting the approach of his comrades.

But at the same moment there was a fresh onset from outside. The lock of the door was blown away with a pistol, there was a wrenching at the hinges, and then a great crash, and the piled-up furniture fell forward and the door over it, and over that Tim Rourke rushed straight at Richard Young with uplifted knife.

I had just time to rush between. I tried to fire, but my pistol was dashed out of my hand. I felt a heavy blow, and fell—half-stunned. When I recovered myself it was too late; the man I had hated so was lying bleeding to death on the floor, and Rourke struggling in the grasp of the soldiers.

I knelt beside him and lifted him in my arms. He opened his eyes and smiled up at me, but closed them again wearily. They came and asked him questions and tried to do what they could for him; but it was no use. It would only have been needless torture to move him, so they left him lying where he was, with his head on my breast. It was only a few minutes.

Captain Macnamara came and knelt beside him and held his hand, and asked if he could do anything for him. He lifted his dying eyes to me again and said:

'He tried to save me—he—do you remember, Mac? He would have—died for me . . . . Don't forget!'

And then his head sank back, and I thought he was gone; but he opened his eyes once more, and a great light sprang into his face:

'God bless you——!'

Those were his last words.

A. WERNER.

## *The Diamond Fields of South Africa.*

IN 1867 a trader named O'Reilly was passing through Barkly, a small village on the banks of the Vaal River, where he slept at the house of a Dutchman named Van Niekirk, and saw the children playing with a bright sparkling pebble. The stone struck him as being something curious, and he begged it from Van Niekirk, who did not like to take it away from the children, but eventually parted with it for the sum of five pounds. He also told O'Reilly that he had seen several of those kinds of pebbles in the hands of native chiefs, who kept them for charms. O'Reilly some weeks afterwards turned up in Grahamstown, and showed the stone to Mr. Galpin and Dr. Atherstone; they both declared it to be a diamond of the first water, and it was afterwards sold to Sir Philip Wodehouse, the governor of the colony, for the sum of 500*l*. It weighed about 21 carats. The news spread, but was not believed at first, and it was 1869 before any number of people were at Barkly, Pneil, and Gong-Gong, digging away in the river-bed, removing enormous boulders, and finding diamonds in fairly large quantities amongst the most beautiful pebbles and garnets, agates and cornelians; the presence of garnets being almost a guarantee of the proximity of the diamond. In 1869 was found the first large diamond, called the Star of South Africa. It was pear-shaped, and weighed  $83\frac{1}{2}$  carats in the rough. Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers, of Hope Town, purchased it for 11,000*l*. They were afterwards offered 40,000*l*. for it in Port Elizabeth, by a syndicate of merchants, but thinking it was worth quite 100,000*l*. refused to sell it, and eventually sold it to Hunt & Roskell for 20,000*l*., who in their turn sold it to Lord Dudley, and about twelve years ago it could have been seen in a tiara of Lady Dudley's which was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Then Mr. Spalding found his diamond weighing 287 carats, slightly off-coloured. Thousands now flocked to the river diggings, and prosperity began in all directions. It is strange

but true, that all the great discoveries of minerals and precious stones have been by pure accident, and the case I am about to relate was no exception to the rule.

The prospectors found nothing, but early in 1870 the camp was startled by a report that a shepherd named Van Wyk, on the farm Bultfontein, the property of a Boer, had picked up some diamonds on the ground where he was tending his master's flocks. This was thirty miles from Barkly, due south, and on the borders of the Orange Free State. There was an exodus from Barkly; the farm was rushed, the farmer and his family had to give the place up, the ground was turned over, diamonds were found in fairly large quantities, and the very house on the farm was pulled down and diamonds found in the mud walls. The excitement increased. The Cape Town Government sent up some soldiers, and Sir Owen Lanyon was put in command. Prospecting now went on in earnest, and almost immediately diamonds were found on the farm Dorsfontein, now known as Dutoitspan, and afterwards on part of the farm Vooruitzigt, now known as De Beers. The farms were soon transferred; Bultfontein and Dutoitspan were acquired for the sum of 6,000*l.* by the South Africa Exploration Company—a company which for years past has paid yearly dividends, sometimes to the extent of 100,000*l.* The Colonial Government purchased Vooruitzigt for 100,000*l.* in 1875. I may as well state by way of parenthesis that the Free State claimed the ground on which these mines are situated as part of the Free State, whilst the Colonial Government on the other hand proclaimed them to be part of Griqualand West. Protest after protest was made by John Brand, the President of the Free State, to the Colonial Government, and after some five years of litigation, Brand went to England to try and get redress from the English Government, which settled his claim for the sum of 90,000*l.* and the honour of knighthood, and ever afterwards the fields became the undisputed property of the British Crown.

The whole of this part of the country is quite flat, relieved only occasionally by little knolls, called in Dutch, 'kopje.' It was in these risings from the surface of the plain, that the vast mineral wealth was concealed; the indications which were speedily recognised being small white chalk stones, yellow sandy boulders, and lumps of iron stone.

Now I must interrupt my narrative for a little space, to bring in an anecdote which occurred during the opening of the line to Kimberley. Last October the iron horse went steaming into

Kimberley, 610 miles from Cape Town and 480 miles from Port Elizabeth; and whilst the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, was congratulating Kimberley upon the great advantage of railway communication, a telegram was put into his hands which contained the following cabalistic sentence:—‘The people of Colesberg congratulate the Colesberg kopje on the opening of the railway.’ What did it mean? It meant this: that it was a party of three young colonial men from the village of Colesberg who first discovered this great mine of wealth; which, first known as the Colesberg kopje, and after as the New Rush, was finally to become famous throughout the world as the Kimberley Mine; and when I tell you that from 1870 to 1875 over 10,000,000*l.* sterling worth of diamonds were known to be taken from it, I think it will be agreed that Colesberg had some reason to be proud of having sent forth the men who had discovered it. The place was rushed, the other mines deserted. Every possible claim was marked out, and the first boulders were turned over and a veritable Tom Tiddler’s ground was there. Rich beyond the wildest dreams, even in the careless way of sorting then in vogue (and of which I will give an account), no one worked a day without having splendid finds. Some were luckier than others, but all found something. In the three other mines men used to ask one another, ‘Have you found *anything* to-day?’ but with Kimberley it was different—it was, ‘*How many* have you found to-day?’ A large population was attracted to the fields, named now Kimberley, after the then Secretary of State for the Colonies. Trade improved throughout the entire country. Every waggon and ox throughout the colony was inspanned (to use a colonial term) to take merchandise over the 500 miles of road to satisfy the wants of the mining camp. These were not the days of railways, these were the days of post-cart travelling, when it took at least six days by post-cart, and six to eight weeks by ox-waggon to get there; and when I tell you that during the year the carriage would vary from 20*s.* per 100 lb. to 80*s.*, according to the state of the veldt, you may well imagine it was not a cheap place to live in; and I may add that 25*s.* was the price of a bottle of champagne or brandy, 4*s.* for a large bottle of beer, and 1*s.* for a soda water. Washing was 6*s.* per dozen, and coals 15*l.* a ton. Wood was 30*l.* to 40*l.* a waggon load, and speculators bought up the neighbouring farms if they could, and if not the farms, the right of cutting wood thereon; and these men made large fortunes by denuding the whole country for miles around of every stick of wood, which, I regret to say, has

had a detrimental effect on the climate, making a tract of country, which used to have periodical rains, dried up and waterless. Kimberley became the chief town in South Africa. At the height of its prosperity it must have had at least 40,000 people of all descriptions, all busily engaged in the multifarious labours connected with mining, the diamond business generally, and the wants and necessities of the miners themselves.

At that time it was open to anyone to take a claim or two for himself, but not more, on payment of 30s. a month per claim licence money. If the claim was unworked for a period of one month, it could be given on the same terms to the first applicant who liked to apply to the authorities. The claims used to be taken up and dropped again from time to time. People were not satisfied with their finds, and many who first were diggers thought they could do better by becoming brokers—buyers and sellers of the precious stones. Each claimholder was allotted a piece of ground on the edge of the reef as a depositing floor for what earth he had taken from the mine. Here he erected a rough kind of windlass worked with two handles; over the windlass were wound two iron ropes, which were connected by upright wooden posts with the miner's claim. Attached to these ropes were leathern buckets capable of holding about 3 cwts. of the shaley yellow *débris* in which the diamonds were. Two Kaffirs stationed at the windlass used to wind up the buckets, empty them on the floors, and then let the buckets run down again to the claim by means of its own weight, to be refilled again and again from sunrise to sunset. The soil was then broken up by means of spades and pickaxes, the large stones generally picked out immediately, and the diamondiferous soil then scraped over on a wooden table with a piece of old iron, and the *débris* was thrown away. This kind of mining went on for about two years, until the mines had been worked down to a depth of about 50 feet, when, to the utter consternation and alarm of diggers, and especially those at the edge of the reef, they found that they had come to what they supposed was the bottom of the mine. To use an expressive Yankee phrase, the Kimberley mine had 'panned' out, the yellow diamondiferous soil was exhausted; they had reached a compact bed of hard blue rock which would scarcely yield to the pickaxe. The claimholders determined to say nothing about their discovery, but to go at once and try and sell their claims to unsuspecting diggers. Several accordingly put back the diamondiferous soil to the depth of a few feet, and sold the claims at the



ruling prices, which were then, in 1872, 50*l.* to 100*l.* per claim. Naturally enough the purchasers found (as they thought) that they had been sold, and they in their turn again planted the claims on some more of their brother-diggers. The depth at which this blue rock was reached varied in different parts of the mine; eventually they all came to it. Some of the claims were abandoned, some were sold on speculation, some were held by the owners on chance of something turning up, but the majority of claimholders, not seeing the fun of paying 30*s.* a month rent, abandoned them altogether and went back to their old loves, the Dutoitspan, Bultfontein, and De Beers mines. But something did turn up, and that very speedily. Some one had cut through this hard blue rock and hauled it from the mine into the open air. Here it was left for some time exposed to the rays of the sun, and the dews and rains of heaven; when one day it was found to have pulverised into a kind of mixed soil, consisting of iron stones, pieces of hard carbon, garnets, flakes of mica, quartz, crystals, iron pyrites, peridot, basalt, and what was not expected, diamonds! Yes, imbedded in this compact mass were quantities of diamonds far exceeding in quantity and quality anything taken from the upper stratum of yellow soil. Diggers had only been scratching the outer skin of the great Kimberley mine.

Those who had luckily kept on paying their licences worked away at their claims. The abandoned ones were re-rushed or bought up, and from that time the value of claims steadily rose, subject to some fluctuations, from 50*l.* per claim, until 1880 (the year of the great diamond mining speculations), when a fourth share was put into the Central Company at the enormous price of 25,000*l.*, or at the rate of 100,000*l.* sterling per claim. Before this it had become evident that the primitive style of mining then in vogue was useless. Machinery was wanted; all were in a hurry to become rich; it was now only a question of how many loads one could get out of the mines in a day. The first innovation was a whim, a large kind of iron wheel worked by a horse, which could draw a larger number of buckets of 'blue' in the course of a day than by the old plan. But machinery was wanted. The soil required washing with water, as it was believed, and rightly too, that a large number of diamonds were passed over in the dry sorting. Several claimowners went home: I believe Mr. Atkins, of the Central Company, was the first; and they, after consulting mining engineers in England, succeeded in bringing out machinery of a very ingenious description, which not only did the

hauling, the washing, and almost the actual sorting, but which succeeded in extracting twice the quantity of diamonds than by the old dry process. Although the preliminary expenses were great, they were repaid over and over again. Although they had to dig wells for water, pay 30*l.* and 40*l.* for a load of wood, the diamonds were produced in an overwhelming supply; and they found that the *débris*, which had been cast on one side with contempt, was found to yield by the wet process as much as they had ever got out of it by the dry process; and as the very streets of Kimberley were made of this *débris*, the time may come, when the mines themselves are exhausted, that temporary ones may be found, and paying ones too, by undermining the houses and pavements of the town itself. The results of this could easily be foreseen. In 1876, owing to the enormous exports, then estimated at 4,000,000*l.* per annum, the prices of diamonds of all descriptions fell to the extent of 60 per cent., and although they recovered afterwards somewhat of the fall, still they have been falling and falling ever since, and I may safely say that to-day the prices all round of diamonds are only one-fourth of what they were in 1872.

After some little time it was found that working the separate claims in the mine was fraught with great danger and risk. It often happened that a fall of reef would occur, entirely covering certain claims and burying men alive. In 1880 the idea occurred to certain claimholders to amalgamate privately and carry on the work on joint account. This was done in several instances, and eventually on a larger scale. Men who held large blocks bought up the smaller claims at high prices, and floated their holdings as companies. The example spread to the other mines, and various companies were formed with a united capital of upwards of 5,000,000*l.* Then began the wildest speculation. Men who had a bit of ground, right under the reef, practically useless, would start a company with a capital of, say, 50,000*l.*, and then, by clever speculation, work up the shares to a fabulous premium, although knowing well the whole time that not a single diamond would be extracted from their ground. The first companies which were started on a sound basis with a concentrated and economical management did well. Some paid dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. per month. The Central 100*l.* shares went to 400*l.*, Standard 100*l.* to 280*l.*, Compagnie Française 25*l.* went to 58*l.*, and so on with all the other mines. New companies were started every day. New mines, such as Jagersfontein and Koffeyfontein, both

situated in the Free State, which had been worked in a desultory manner, were turned into companies which were eagerly bought up; and so great was the demand for shares, that the 5,000,000*l.* of nominal capital stood at one time as high as 13,000,000*l.* Men who were clerks in stores in all parts of the colony, bought and sold shares without ever possessing them; and, without originally having a sixpence, found themselves at the end of a week comparatively rich men. Legitimate business was neglected, and the all-absorbing passion for speculation fermented the whole of the working population of the country. Men who had at first thought the whole thing a myth began to think differently when they found their neighbours suddenly getting rich, and then at the last moment, when things were at their highest, some of the steady old stagers yielded to the temptation and invested most of their savings in shares. The knowing ones, who had some idea of what was coming, sold out before the shares reached their highest, and retired from the excited throng with fortunes in hard cash. And now what everybody had expected, and yet what nobody had dared even whisper to himself, came. The banks refused to discount any more bills, and the bubble burst. Everybody, instead of being anxious buyers of scrip, became eager sellers of scrip, and, as is usual in such cases, when buyers were wanted there were none to be found. Shares tumbled not by 5 per cent, but by 50 per cent., and then were even unsaleable at that. Centrals, a really sound stock, fell in three months from 400*l.* to 95*l.*; Standards fell from 280*l.* to 80*l.*; De Beers from 30*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.*; Griqualand West from 17*l.* 10*s.* to 19*s.* Shares on which calls were liable to be made fell still more; in fact, holders would have been only too glad to have paid men to have taken them over, so as to have freed themselves from the liability which they were incurring. Men found themselves with thousands of pounds worth of scrip which was not worth the paper it was printed on, and which was hypothecated to the banks for every penny of its superscription. The bills became due, and they were renewed at the existing rate of 8 per cent. per annum. Some men went to the wall and surrendered their estate, whilst others are, after a lapse of six years, still paying interest and gradually working off their debt. This state of affairs had arisen, and now in their anger the people turned round and asked who was to blame. If we go down to the depths of human nature, we may find the answer there. Greed, cupidity, the desire to grow rapidly rich, had a lot to do with it; but I must say the banks were not wholly free from

blame. I may say they were almost wholly to blame for the great inflation and the subsequent enormous depression. Whilst things looked bright and rosy, they readily discounted anybody's bills without asking any questions. The whole of this enormous speculation was carried on by credit; and when the banks suddenly ceased discounting any paper, except of a strictly commercial kind, the crash came which has to this day, and for many years to come will have, an adverse influence upon South Africa. From the period of greatest depression, 1882, shares have risen in some instances 300 per cent., and even to-day are, in the opinion of those competent to judge, a first-class investment.

I will now give a few of the registered statistics with regard to production. (I say registered, because that does not touch the great plague-spot of Kimberley—the illicit diamond traffic, on which I shall make a few remarks.)

	Registered exports	Value	Average per carat
1883 .	2,413,954 carats	£2,742,521	22s. 9d.
1884 .	2,263,686 „	2,807,288	24s. 10d.
1885 .	2,440,788 $\frac{1}{6}$ „	2,492,755	20s. 5d.

The average production of carats per load is as follows:—

	Extent	Claims	Average per load	Average price per carat 1885
Kimberley . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres	345	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ carat	20s.
De Beers . .	13 „	592	1 „	20s.
Dutoitspan . .	29 „	1409	$\frac{1}{2}$ „	30s.
Bultfontein . .	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ „	797	$\frac{1}{3}$ „	22s. 6d.

As to quality, Dutoitspan produces the finest stones, ninety out of every hundred being perfect. Bultfontein comes next, producing mostly beautiful white stones, varying from  $\frac{1}{4}$  carat to 2 carats. De Beers follows, and Kimberley comes last, the diamonds in this mine consisting largely of broken cleavage and off-coloured stones. In fact, Kimberley now produces less value than formerly, the mines coming in the following order with regard to their production:—Dutoitspan, De Beers, Kimberley, Bultfontein.

And now the most interesting questions present themselves. How did the diamonds ever get there? How much deeper are we going down? Are diamonds going to be found in as large quantities as at present?

There are various theories as to how these mines have been formed, but all agree in attributing them to volcanic action. They are all funnel-shaped, the sides of the funnel being composed of a dense igneous rock, known in miners' parlance as 'reef.' It is of a

soapy nature, easily acted on by the atmosphere, consequently most dangerous, as large pieces, in some instances weighing hundreds of tons, get detached. There are no means of shoring it up, and without warning these enormous slices will slide off into the working portion of the mine, burying the claims and sometimes killing the *employés*. The whole of this funnel is filled with this 'blue' ground, the reef sloping at various angles, but on an average of 1 in 15. The theory is, that in time the sides of the reef will meet at some great depth, supposed by some to be 1,000 feet, by others more; and that then we shall arrive at the aperture forming the bottom of the funnel. Whether that hole will again expand into a further cavity is, of course, matter for speculation. It should be remembered that the diamonds were not formed where they are now found.

The hot liquid containing the diamonds, was forced by some great cataclysm of Nature, through the solid earth, the bulgings in the sides of the mines being very soft and shaley, showing where the rock was not sufficiently hard to resist the enormous pressure. Now it has been observed that in Kimberley there must have been ten distinct upheavals; in Dutoitspan, twenty-five; in Bultfontein, three or four; and in De Beers, three; and this has been proved by the varying nature of the ground. If one upheaval only had taken place, the centre of the funnel would have contained one particular kind of soil. As the miners go deeper a great alteration is noticed in the character of the soil. They have actually found pieces of the top reef and top soil at a depth of 400 feet. This shows that in the succeeding upheavals vacuums were formed, and the whole funnel became in a state of tumult, the upper layers of oxidised earth returning to their ancient depths to give place to the other carbonaceous matter which, by successive exposure to the atmosphere, became oxidised, and assumed the yellow colour seen so frequently in the heaps and embankments of rejected *débris*.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which is difficult to account for, that all the diamonds coming from the various African mines have a distinct personality. Experts will tell the difference between a parcel of Kimberley gems and Dutoitspan gems, between Bultfontein and Jagersfontein. Many of the stones are broken up, discoloured, split, and entirely carbonised; some of the large pieces of cleavage must evidently at one time have formed part of large diamonds, and it is on the rarest possible occasion two stones have ever been found together. Kimberley

mine presents to the onlooker the appearance of a gigantic hole about 400 feet in depth, narrowing towards the bottom, and into which St. Paul's might be comfortably dropped, the cross downwards. But that does not represent the entire depth of the mine. The Central has a shaft 180 feet deeper, and the French company one about the same depth, and still the yield of diamonds at this depth is much about the same, at times much richer, than on some of the higher ground; and it is asserted by experts that the deeper they go the richer will be the yield. The enormous difficulty of working at these depths now becomes apparent. The treacherous nature of the floating reef, and the friable nature of the 'blue,' when exposed to the air, are the cause of many accidents: forty-seven deaths by these causes having taken place in Kimberley during 1885.

Explosions are also of frequent occurrence from a gas of the same nature as fire-damp. This will show to some extent the carbonaceous nature of the deposits.

Although stringent laws are in force for the suppression of the illicit trade in diamonds, it is still carried on to such an extent that it is estimated one-third of all the diamonds found are stolen; and these diamonds, being bought at a very low figure, enter into competition with those legitimately purchased, to the detriment of the honest trader and most serious injury of the companies.

When there was free trade in diamonds, and no restrictions as to buying and selling, the I.D.B.'s, as they were called, carried on their nefarious practices in a perfectly open manner; now that it means penal servitude, the utmost secrecy is observed, and convictions are few and far between. After a deal of pressure on the part of claimholders, the Press spoke out boldly on the matter, and Government issued a Bill, which applied then only to Griqualand West, but now extends to the entire colony. This Bill makes it a penal offence to buy a diamond from a black man under any circumstances; or to purchase a diamond at all without a licence, even from a white man. The licences were only obtainable from the Chief of the Detective Department, and then the applicants had to lodge security, and find sureties as to their respectability.

The thieving still went on, when the Detective Department organised a system of trapping, which in itself can only be condemned in the strongest terms as a glaring piece of immoral legislation; but which has had the effect of bringing many culprits



to justice. A black boy would take a marked diamond and try to sell it to a suspected man. If the man bought it, the boy would give information at once, the purchaser would be arrested and sent to trial on the black boy's evidence; and if the offence was proved, according to previous offence, the culprit would get penal servitude varying from three to ten years. This sentence in a colonial prison means little short of death. The culprit has to work on roads, bridges, breakwaters, in the company of degraded Kaffirs, and has to sleep, eat, and herd with them. The punishment is awful, and, in the light of trapping a man into temptation to commit a crime, has been animadverted upon in no measured terms. About six months ago there was an attempt to blow up by dynamite the private house of Mr. Roper, Chief of the Detective Department, which, through an informer, was unsuccessful. This will show to what desperate means these villains will resort from revenge or fear; and the absolute necessity of the most stringent regulations and restrictions with regard to the sale or purchase of diamonds.

I have in my preceding remarks confined myself to Kimberley and the adjacent three mines. I have said nothing about Jagersfontein, eighty miles distance from Kimberley, in the Free State; a mine producing the finest stones in South Africa, remarkable for their exquisite blue-whiteness; a mine producing only one-tenth of a carat per load, but of an average value of 50s. per carat. This is a mine of surprises, where the digger may work for days without finding a stone, and then suddenly come across one of 20 or 30 carats, and probably worth a small fortune. The claims in this mine could, three years ago, have been had almost for the asking; in fact, several companies were sold up by order of the Court, and fetched only *half* the *actual cost* of the machinery alone. The purchasers are believed to be doing well.

The whole of the country round about Kimberley and this district is diamondiferous, and it would never be surprising to hear any day of further large deposits. There are known mines all over the district, such as Rolfefontein, Kamfer's Dam, Otto's Kopje, where diamonds are found, and where the conformation is the same as in Kimberley, but the average per load is so small that at the present low price of diamonds they will not pay for the working. At Kamfer's Dam 30,000*l.* have been expended, and the mine worked down to a depth of 30 feet, but has now been abandoned.

I must say something about the twin townships of Kimberley and Beaconsfield. There they stand in the centre of a vast plain,

built chiefly of galvanised iron, harbouring a busy population of ever-varying numbers. In its most prosperous times the population might be placed as high as 40,000; now I should say it was 30,000, including all colours. It is a wonderful place when one comes to realise that every stick in it has been brought 500 miles from the coast by means of ox waggons, and now it has a daily service of trains to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. There Kimberley stands with its blue-looking houses, its blue soil under a blazing blue sky. It now possesses a noble system of waterworks pumped from the Vaal River, a distance of sixteen miles, erected at a cost of half a million, the shares of which are now beginning to pay dividends. It has its club, second to none in South Africa, churches of all denominations, fairly comfortable hotels, a town hall, a court house; and as signs of civilisation, a theatre and a gaol. It possesses beautiful villas, and now that water is plentiful, although dear, the houses can boast of gardens. The soil is wonderfully fertile, as all volcanic soil is, and produces well in rainy seasons. The summer is undoubtedly hot, in December and January the thermometer often standing at  $95^{\circ}$  in the shade and  $130^{\circ}$  in the sun. This heat, which is varied by dust storms, which spoil everything in the shape of clothing, brings on a low fever which is often fatal, and necessitates immediate removal. But the winter is delightful, and snowstorms are not unknown. The atmosphere is deliciously invigorating, lying as it does 4,000 feet above the sea-level. And the people? They are hospitality itself. During my stay there I was treated in a princely manner, receiving the kindnesses of friends almost with diffidence, feeling that I was almost powerless to return it. But a nation will never be made out of a population engaged in the exciting occupation of speculative mining.

What is to be its future? So long as the mines can be worked, and engineers say twenty years will not see their exhaustion, although the difficulties of mining at a great depth may diminish supply in the future—still even if their future exhaustion may be looked for at no distant period, Kimberley will not cease to exist. It has become the emporium for the far interior; it will command the trade of our new dependency, Bechuanaland; and so long as the far-reaching arm of the Englishman retains its muscle, and his busy brain its exploring energy, so long will Kimberley remain the metropolis of Central South Africa.

GEORGE J. NATHAN.

## *The Singing of the Magnificat.*

### *A MONKISH LEGEND.*

IN midst of wide green pasture-lands, cut through  
 By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,  
 Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,  
 And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,  
 The Abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part  
 Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

Where grey-green willows fringed the stream and pool,  
 The lazy meek-faced cattle strayed to graze,  
 Sheep in the meadows cropped the grasses cool,  
 And silver fish shone through the watery ways.  
 And many a load of fruit and load of corn  
 Into the Abbey store-houses was borne.

Yet though so much they had of life's good things,  
 The monks but held them as a sacred trust,  
 Lent from the store-house of the King of Kings  
 Till they, His stewards, should crumble back to dust.  
 'Not as our own,' they said, 'but as the Lord's,  
 All that the stream yields, or the land affords.'

And all the villages and hamlets near  
 Knew the monks' wealth, and how their wealth was spent.  
 In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,  
 First to the Abbey all the peasants went,  
 Certain to find a welcome, and to be  
 Helped in the hour of their extremity.

When plague or sickness smote the people sore,  
 The Brothers prayed beside the dying bed,  
 And nursed the sick back into health once more,  
 And through the horror and the danger said:  
 'How good is God, Who has such love for us,  
 He lets us tend His suffering children thus!'

They in their simple ways and works were glad :  
Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.  
And so a bitter grief the Brothers had,  
Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.  
This was the secret of their sorrowing,  
That not a monk in all the house could sing !

Was it the damp air from the lovely marsh,  
Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,  
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh  
As any frog's that croaks in evening air—  
That made less music in their hymns to lie  
Than in the hoarsest wild-fowl's hoarsest cry ?

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,  
Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung ;  
But their hearts' music reached their lips all wrong,  
The soul's intent foiled by the traitorous tongue  
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare  
The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The birds that in the chapel built their nests,  
And in the stone-work found their small lives fair,  
Flew thence with hurried wings and fluttering breasts  
When rang the bell to call the monks to prayer.  
'Why will they sing,' they twittered, 'why at all ?  
In Heaven their silence must be festival !'

The Brothers prayed with penance and with tears  
That God would let them give some little part  
Out for the solace of their own sad ears  
Of all the music crowded in their heart.  
Their nature and the marsh-air had their way,  
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not  
To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,  
The Abbot said, 'Gifts He did not allot  
God at our hands will not again require ;  
The love He gives us He will ask again  
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

'Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise  
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can.  
In Heaven we shall be taught the angels' ways  
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.  
In singing, as in toil, do ye your best;  
God will adjust the balance—do the rest!'

But one good Brother, anxious to remove  
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,  
Rejected counsel, and for very love  
Besought a Brother, skilled in art of song,  
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—  
And sing *Magnificat* on Christmas-eve.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,  
By two and two, slow pacing to the choir,  
Shrined in his dark oak stall, the strange monk's face  
Shone with a light as of devotion's fire,  
Good, young and fair, his seemed a form wherein  
Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

And when the time for singing it had come,  
'*Magnificat*'—face raised, and voice, he sang:  
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,  
As through the chancel's dusk his voice outrang,  
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing  
Their first impulsive welcome of the Spring.

At the first notes the Abbot's heart spoke low:  
'Oh God, accept this singing, seeing we,  
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—  
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee;  
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,  
As he Thou blesest sings them with his tongue.'

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,  
The Abbot's heart said, 'Thou hast heard us grieve,  
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,  
To sing *Magnificat* on Christmas-eve;  
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see  
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee.'

Through the cold Christmas night the hymn rang out,  
In perfect cadence, clear as sunlit rain—  
Such heavenly music that the birds without  
Beat their warm wings against the window pane,  
Scattering the frosted crystal snow out-spread,  
Upon the stone-lace and the window-lead.

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze  
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised ;  
The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its ways,  
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised,  
And breathless all the Brothers stood, and still  
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-remembered hours,  
Dreams of delight that never was to be,  
Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers  
Laid on the grave of life's felicity ;  
An infinite dear passion of regret  
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.

The birds beat ever at the window, till  
They broke the pane, and so could entrance win ;  
Their slender feet clung to the window-sill,  
And though with them the bitter air came in,  
The monks were glad, that the birds too should hear,  
Since to God's creatures all, His praise is dear.

The lovely music waxed and waned, and sank,  
And brought less conscious sadness in its train,  
Unrecognised despair that thinks to thank  
God for a joy renounced, a chosen pain—  
And deems that peace, which is but stifled life,  
Dulled by a too-prolonged unfruitful strife.

When, service done, the Brothers gathered round  
To thank the singer—modest-eyed, said he :  
' Not mine the grace, if grace indeed abound,  
God gave the power, if any power there be ;  
If I in hymn or psalm clear voice can raise,  
As His the gift, so His be all the praise ! '



That night—the Abbot lying on his bed—  
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,  
Poured from the crucifix above his head,  
And cast a stream of light across his cell—  
And in the fullest fervour of the light  
An Angel stood, glittering, and great, and white.

His wings of thousand rainbow clouds seemed made,  
A thousand lamps of love shone in his eyes,  
The light of dawn upon his brows was laid,  
Odours of thousand flowers of Paradise  
Filled all the cell, and through the heart there stirred  
A sense of music that could not be heard.

The Angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet  
As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore—  
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:  
'Brother,' he said, 'the God we both adore  
Has sent me down to ask, is all not right?—  
Why was *Magnificat* not sung to-night?'

Tranced in the joy the Angel's presence brought,  
The Abbot answered: 'All these weary years  
We have sung our best—but always we have thought  
Our voices were unworthy Heavenly ears;  
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,  
And by it the *Magnificat* was sung.'

The Angel answered, 'All these happy years  
In Heaven has your *Magnificat* been heard;  
This night alone, the angels' listening ears  
Of all its music caught no single word.  
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong  
Enough to bear the burden of his song?'

The Abbot named his name. 'Ah, why,' he cried,  
'Have angels heard not what we found so dear?'  
'Only pure hearts,' the Angel's voice replied,  
'Can carry human songs up to His ear;  
To-night in Heaven was missed the sweetest praise  
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

‘The monk who sang *Magnificat* is filled  
With lust of praise, and with hypocrisy;  
He sings for earth—in Heaven his notes are stilled  
By muffling weight of deadening vanity;  
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear  
His singing higher than the listening air!

‘From purest hearts most perfect music springs,  
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,  
Marred by the accident of earthly things,  
In Heaven, God, listening, judged your song complete.  
The sweetest of earth’s music came from you,  
The music of a noble life and true!’

E. NESBIT.

## *The Puma.*

THE Puma has been singularly unfortunate in its biographers. Formerly it often happened that writers were led away by isolated and highly exaggerated incidents to attribute very shining qualities to their favourite animals; the lion of the Old World thus came to be regarded as brave and magnanimous above all beasts of the field—the Bayard of the four-footed kind, a reputation which these prosaic and sceptical times have not suffered it to keep. Precisely the contrary has happened with the puma of literature; for, although to those personally acquainted with the habits of this lesser lion of the New World it is known to possess a marvellous courage and daring, it is nevertheless always spoken of in books of natural history as the most pusillanimous of the larger carnivores. It does not attack man, and Azara is perfectly correct when he affirms that it never hurts, or threatens to hurt, man or child, even when it finds them sleeping. This, however, is not a full statement of the facts; the puma will not even defend itself against man. How natural, then, to conclude that it is too timid to attack a human being, or to defend itself, but scarcely philosophical; for even the most cowardly carnivores we know—dogs and hyenas, for instance—will readily attack a disabled or sleeping man when pressed by hunger; and when driven to desperation no animal is too small or too feeble to make a show of resistance. In such a case ‘even the armadillo defends itself,’ as the gaucho proverb says. Besides, the conclusion is in contradiction to many other well-known facts. Putting aside the puma’s passivity in the presence of man, it is a bold hunter that invariably prefers large to small game; in desert places killing peccary, tapir, ostrich, deer, guanaco, &c., all powerful, well-armed, or swift animals. Guanaco skeletons seen in Patagonia almost invariably have the neck dislocated, showing that the puma was the executioner. Those only who have hunted the guanaco on the sterile plains and mountains it inhabits know how wary, keen-scented, and

fleet of foot it is; yet it is probably true, as Admiral FitzRoy conjectured, that the puma seldom allows it to die a natural death. I once spent several weeks with a surveying party in a district where pumas were very abundant, and saw not less than half a dozen deer every day, freshly killed in most cases, and all with dislocated necks. Where prey is scarce and difficult to capture the puma, after satisfying its hunger, invariably conceals the animal it has killed, covering it over carefully with grass and brushwood; these deer, however, had all been left exposed to the caracaras and foxes after a portion of the breast had been eaten, and in many cases the flesh had not been touched, the captor having satisfied itself with sucking the blood. It struck me very forcibly that the puma of the desert pampas is, among mammals, like the peregrine falcon of the same district among birds; for there this wide-ranging raptore only attacks comparatively large birds, and after fastidiously picking a meal from the flesh of the head and neck abandons the untouched body to the polybori and other hawks of the more ignoble sort.

In pastoral districts the puma is very destructive to the larger domestic animals and has an extraordinary fondness for horse flesh. This was first noticed by Molina, whose 'Natural History of Chili' was written a century and a half ago. In Patagonia I heard on all sides that it was extremely difficult to breed horses, as the colts were mostly killed by the pumas. A native told me that on one occasion, while driving his horses home through the thicket, a puma sprang out of the bushes on to a colt following behind the troop, killing it before his eyes and not more than six yards from his horse's head. In this instance, my informant said, the puma alighted directly on the colt's back, with one fore foot grasping its bosom, while with the other it seized the head and giving it a violent wrench dislocated the neck. The colt fell to the earth as if shot, and he affirmed it was dead before it touched the ground.

Naturalists have thought it strange that the horse, once common throughout America, should have become extinct over a continent apparently so well suited to it and where it now multiplies so greatly. As a fact wherever pumas abound the wild horse of the present time, introduced from Europe, can hardly maintain its existence. Formerly in many places horses ran wild and multiplied to an amazing extent, but this happened, I believe, only in districts where the puma was scarce or had already been driven out by man. My own experience is that on the desert

pampas wild horses are exceedingly scarce, and from all accounts it is the same throughout Patagonia.

Next to horse flesh sheep is preferred, and where the puma can come at a flock he will not trouble himself to attack horned cattle. In Patagonia especially I found this to be the case. I resided for some time at an estancia close to the town of El Carmen, on the Rio Negro, which during my stay was infested by a very bold and cunning puma. To protect the sheep from his attacks an enclosure was made of upright willow-poles fifteen feet long, while the gate, by which he would have to enter, was close to the house and nearly six feet high. In spite of the difficulties thus put in his way, and of the presence of several large dogs, also of the watch we kept in the hope of shooting him, every cloudy night he came, and after killing one or more sheep got safely away. One dark night he killed four sheep; I detected him in the act, and going up to the gate, was trying to make out his invisible form in the gloom as he flitted about knocking the sheep over, when suddenly he leaped clear over my head and made his escape, the bullets I sent after him in the dark failing to hit him. Yet at this place twelve or fourteen calves, belonging to the milch cows, were every night shut into a small brushwood pen, at a distance from the house where the enemy could easily have destroyed every one of them. When I expressed surprise at this arrangement the owner said that the puma was not fond of calves' flesh and came only for the sheep. Frequently after his nocturnal visits we found, by tracing his footprints in the loose sand, that he had actually used the calves' pen as a place of concealment while waiting to make his attack on the sheep.

The puma often kills full-grown cows and horses, but exhibits a still greater daring when attacking the jaguar, the largest of American raptorial animals, although, compared with its swift, agile enemy, as heavy as a rhinoceros. Azara states that it is generally believed in La Plata and Paraguay that the puma attacks and conquers the jaguar; but he did not credit what he heard, which was not strange, since he had already set the puma down as a cowardly animal because it does not attempt to harm man or child. Nevertheless it is well known that where the two species inhabit the same district they are at enmity, the puma being the persistent persecutor of the jaguar, following and harassing it as a tyrant-bird harasses an eagle or hawk, moving about it with such rapidity as to confuse it, and, when an opportunity occurs,

springing upon its back and inflicting terrible wounds with teeth and claws. Jaguars with scared backs are frequently killed, and others, not long escaped from their tormentors, have been found so greatly lacerated that they were easily overcome by the hunters.

In Kingsley's recently published 'Standard Natural History' it is stated that the puma in North California has a feud with the grizzly bear, similar to that of the southern variety with the jaguar. In its encounters with the grizzly it is said to be always the victor; and this is borne out by the finding of the bodies of bears, which have evidently perished in the struggle.

How strange that this most cunning, bold, and bloodthirsty of the Felidæ, the persecutor of the jaguar and the scourge of the ruminants in the regions it inhabits, able to kill its prey with the celerity of a rifle bullet, never attacks a human being! Even the cowardly, carrion-feeding dog will attack a man when it can do so with impunity; but in places where the puma is the only large beast of prey it is notorious that it is there perfectly safe for even a small child to go out and sleep on the plain. At the same time it will not fly from man (though the contrary is always stated in books of natural history) except in places where it is continually persecuted. Nor is this all: it will not, as a rule, even defend itself against man, although in some rare instances it has been known to do so.

The mysterious, gentle instinct of this ungentle species, which causes the gauchos of the pampas to name it man's friend—'amigo del cristiano'—has been persistently ignored by all travelers and naturalists who have mentioned the puma. They have thus made it a very incongruous creature, strong enough to kill a horse, yet so cowardly withal that it invariably flies from a human being—even from a sleeping child. Possibly its real reputation was known to some of those who have spoken about it; if so they attributed what they heard to the love of the marvellous and the romantic, natural to the non-scientific mind; or else preferred not to import into their writings matter which has so great a likeness to fable, and might have the effect of imperilling their reputation for sober-mindedness.

It is, however, possible that the singular instinct of the southern puma, which is unique among animals in a state of nature, is not possessed by the entire species, ranging as it does over a hundred degrees of latitude, from British North America to Tierra del Fuego. The widely different conditions of life in



the various regions it inhabits must necessarily have caused a great deal of divergence. Concerning its habits in the dense forests of the Amazonian region, where it must have developed special instincts suited to its semi-arboreal life, scarcely anything has been recorded. Everyone is, however, familiar with the dreaded cougar, catamount, or panther—sometimes called ‘painter’—of North American literature, thrilling descriptions of encounters with this imaginary man-eating monster being freely scattered through the backwoods or border romances, many of them written by authors who have the reputation of being true to nature. It may be true that this cougar of a cold climate did occasionally attack man, or, as it is often stated, follow him in the forest with the intention of springing on him unawares; but on this point nothing definite will ever be known, as the pioneers and hunters of the past were only anxious to shoot the cougar and not to study its instincts and disposition. It is now many years since Audubon and Bachman wrote, ‘This animal, which has excited so much terror in the minds of the ignorant and timid, has been nearly exterminated in all the Atlantic States, and we do not recollect a single well-authenticated instance where any hunter’s life fell a sacrifice in a cougar hunt.’ It might be added, I believe, that no authentic instance has been recorded of the puma making an unprovoked attack on any human being. In South America also the traveller in the wilderness is sometimes followed by a puma; but he would certainly be very much surprised if told that it follows with the intention of springing on him unawares and devouring his flesh.

I have spoken of the comparative ease with which the puma overcomes even large animals, comparing it in this respect with the peregrine falcon; but all predacious species are liable to frequent failures, sometimes to fatal mishaps, and even the cunning, swift-killing puma is no exception. Its attacks are successfully resisted by the ass, which does not, like the horse, lose its presence of mind, but when assaulted thrusts its head well down between its fore-legs and kicks violently until the enemy is thrown or driven off. Pigs, when in large herds, also safely defy the puma, massing themselves together for defence in their well-known manner, and presenting a serried line of tusks to the aggressor. During my stay in Patagonia a puma met its fate in a manner so singular that the incident caused considerable sensation among the settlers on the Rio Negro at the time. A man named Linares, the chief of the tame Indians settled in the

neighbourhood of El Carmen, while riding near the river had his curiosity aroused by the appearance and behaviour of a young cow standing alone in the grass, her head, armed with long and exceedingly sharp horns, much raised, and watching his approach in a manner which betokened a state of dangerous excitement. She had recently dropped her calf, and he at once conjectured that it had been attacked, and perhaps killed, by some animal of prey. To satisfy himself on this point he began to search for it, and while thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him with the greatest fury. Presently he discovered the calf lying dead among the long grass; and by its side lay a full-grown puma, also dead, and with a large wound in its side, just behind the shoulder. The calf had been killed by the puma, for its throat showed the wounds of large teeth, and the puma had been killed by the cow. When he saw it he could, he affirmed, scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, for it was an unheard-of thing that a puma should be injured by any other animal. His opinion was that it had come down from the hills in a starving condition, and having sprung upon the calf the taste of blood had made it for a moment careless of its own safety, and during that moment the infuriated cow had charged, and driving one of her long sharp horns into some vital part killed it instantly.

The puma is, with the exception of some monkeys, the most playful animal in existence. The young of all the *Felidæ* spend a large portion of their time in characteristic gambols; the adults, however, acquire a grave and dignified demeanour, only the female playing on occasions with her offspring; but this she always does with a certain formality of manner, as if the relaxation was indulged in not spontaneously, but for the sake of the young and as being a necessary part of their education. Some writer has described the lion's assumption of gaiety as more grim than its most serious moods. The puma at heart is always a kitten, taking unmeasured delight in its frolics, and when, as often happens, one lives alone in the desert it will amuse itself by the hour fighting mock battles or playing at hide and seek with imaginary companions, and lying in wait and putting all its wonderful strategy in practice to capture a passing butterfly. Azara kept a young male for four months, which spent its whole time playing with the slaves. This animal, he says, would not refuse any food offered to it; but when not hungry it would bury the meat in the sand, and when incited to eat dig it up and taking it to the water-trough wash it clean. I have only known one puma kept

as a pet, and this animal in seven or eight years had never shown a trace of ill-temper. When approached he would lie down, purring loudly, and twist himself about a person's legs, begging to be caressed. A string or handkerchief drawn about was sufficient to keep him in a happy state of excitement for an hour; and when one person was tired of playing with him he was ready for a game with the next comer.

I was told by a person who had spent most of his life on the pampas that on one occasion, when travelling in the neighbourhood of Cape Corrientes, his horse died under him, and he was compelled to continue his journey on foot, burdened with his heavy native horse-gear. At night he made his bed under the shelter of a rock, on the slope of a stony sierra; a bright moon was shining, and about nine o'clock in the evening four pumas appeared, two adults with their two half-grown young. Not feeling the least alarm at their presence, he did not stir; and after a while they began to gambol together close to him, concealing themselves from each other among the rocks, just as kittens do, and frequently while pursuing one another leaping over him. He continued watching them until past midnight, then fell asleep and did not wake until morning, when they had left him.

This man was an Englishman by birth, but having gone very young to South America he had taken kindly to the semi-barbarous life of the gauchos, and had imbibed all their peculiar notions, one of which is that human life is not worth very much. 'What does it matter?' they often say, and shrug their shoulders, when told of a comrade's death; 'so many beautiful horses die!' I asked him if he had ever killed a puma, and he replied that he had killed only one and had sworn never to kill another. He said that while out one day with another gaucho looking for cattle a puma was found. It sat up with its back against a stone, and did not move even when his companion threw the noose of his lasso over its neck. My informant then dismounted, and drawing his knife advanced to kill it: still the puma made no attempt to free itself from the lasso, but it seemed to know, he said, what was coming, for it began to tremble, the tears ran from its eyes, and it whined in the most pitiful manner. He killed it as it sat there unresisting before him, but after accomplishing the deed felt that he had committed a murder. It was the only thing he had ever done in his life, he added, which filled him with remorse when he remembered it. This I thought a rather startling declaration, as I knew that he had killed several indi-

viduals of his own species in duels, fought with knives, in the fashion of the gauchos.

All who have killed or witnessed the killing of the puma—and I have questioned scores of hunters on this point—agree that it resigns itself in this unresisting, pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. Claudio Gay, in his 'Natural History of Chili,' says, 'When attacked by man its energy and daring at once forsake it, and it becomes a weak, inoffensive animal, and trembling, and uttering piteous moans, and shedding abundant tears, it seems to implore compassion from a generous enemy.' The enemy is not often generous; but many gauchos have assured me, when speaking on this subject, that although they kill the puma readily to protect their domestic animals, they consider it an evil thing to take its life in desert places, where it is man's only friend among the wild animals.

When the hunter is accompanied by dogs, then the puma, instead of drooping and shedding tears, is roused to a sublime rage: its hair stands erect; its eyes shine like balls of green flame; it spits and snarls like a furious tom cat. The hunter's presence seems at such times to be ignored altogether, its whole attention being given to the dogs and its rage directed against them. In Patagonia a sheep-farming Scotchman, with whom I spent some days, showed me the skulls of five pumas which he had shot in the vicinity of his ranche. One was of an exceptionally large individual, and I here relate what he told me of his encounter with this animal, as it shows just how the puma almost invariably behaves when attacked by man and dogs. He was out on foot with his flock, when the dogs discovered the animal concealed among the bushes. He had left his gun at home, and having no weapon, and finding that the dogs dared not attack it where it sat in a defiant attitude with its back against a thorny bush, he looked about and found a large dry stick, and going boldly up to it tried to stun it with a violent blow on the head. But though it never looked at him, its fiery eyes gazing steadily at the dogs all the time, he could not hit it, for with a quick side movement it avoided every blow. The small heed the puma paid him, and the apparent ease with which it avoided his best-aimed blows, only served to rouse his spirit, and at length striking with increased force his stick came to the ground and was broken to pieces. For some moments he now stood within two yards of the animal perfectly defenceless and not knowing what to do. Suddenly it sprang past him, actually brushing

against his arm with its side, and began pursuing the dogs round and round among the bushes. In the end my informant's partner appeared on the scene with his rifle, and the puma was shot.

In encounters of this kind the most curious thing is that the puma steadfastly refuses to recognise an enemy in man, although it finds him acting in concert with its hated canine foe, about whose hostile intentions it has no such delusion.

Several years ago a paragraph, which reached me in South America, appeared in the English papers relating an incident characteristic of the puma in a wild beast show in this country. The animal was taken out of its cage and led about the grounds by its keeper, followed by a large number of spectators. Suddenly it was struck motionless by some object in the crowd, at which it gazed steadily with a look of intense excitement; then springing violently away it dragged the chain from the keeper's hand and dashed in among the people, who immediately fled screaming in all directions. Their fears were, however, idle, the object of the puma's rage being a dog which it had spied among the crowd.

It is said that when taken adult pumas invariably pine away and die; when brought up in captivity they invariably make playful, affectionate pets and are gentle towards all human beings, but very seldom overcome their instinctive animosity towards the dog.

One of the very few authentic instances I have met with of this animal defending itself against a human being was related to me at a place on the pampas called Saladillo. At the time of my visit there jaguars and pumas were very abundant and extremely destructive to the cattle and horses. Sheep it had not yet been considered worth while to introduce, but immense herds of pigs were kept at every estancia, these animals being able to protect themselves. One gaucho had so repeatedly distinguished himself by his boldness and dexterity in killing jaguars that he was by general consent made the leader of every tiger-hunt. One day the comandante of the district got twelve or fourteen men together, the tiger-slayer among them, and started in search of a jaguar which had been seen that morning in the neighbourhood of his estancia. The animal was eventually found and surrounded, and as it was crouching among some clumps of tall pampas grass, where throwing a lasso over its neck would be a somewhat difficult and dangerous operation, all gave way to the famous hunter, who at once uncoiled his lasso and proceeded in a leisurely

manner to form the loop. While thus engaged he made the mistake of allowing his horse, which had grown restive, to turn aside from the hunted animal. The jaguar, instantly taking advantage of the oversight, burst from its cover and sprang first on to the haunches of the horse, then seizing the hunter by his poncho dragged him to the earth, and would no doubt have quickly despatched him if a lasso, thrown by one of the other men, had not closed round its neck at this critical moment. It was quickly dragged off, and eventually killed. But the discomfited hunter did not stay to assist at the finish. He arose from the ground unharmed, but in a violent passion and blaspheming horribly, for he knew that his reputation, which he prized above everything, had suffered a great blow, and that he would be mercilessly ridiculed by his associates. Getting on his horse he rode away by himself from the scene of his misadventure. Of what happened to him on his homeward ride there were no witnesses; but his own account was as follows, and inasmuch as it told against his own prowess it was readily believed: Before riding a league, and while his bosom was still burning with rage, a puma started up from the long grass in his path, but made no attempt to run away; it merely sat up, he said, and looked at him in a provokingly fearless manner. To slay this animal with his knife, and so revenge himself on it for the defeat he had just suffered, was his first thought. He alighted and secured his horse by tying its fore feet together, then drawing his long, heavy knife rushed at the puma. Still it did not stir. Raising his weapon he struck with a force which would have split the animal's skull open if the blow had fallen where it was intended to fall, but with a quick movement the puma avoided it, and at the same time lifted a foot and with lightning rapidity dealt the aggressor a blow on the face, its unsheathed claws literally dragging down the flesh from his cheek, laying the bone bare. After inflicting this terrible punishment and eyeing its fallen foe for a few seconds it trotted quietly away. The wounded man succeeded in getting on to his horse and reaching his home. The hanging flesh was restored to its place and the ghastly rents sewn up, and in the end he recovered: but he was disfigured for life; his temper also completely changed; he became morose and morbidly sensitive to the ridicule of his neighbours, and he never again ventured to join them in their hunting expeditions.

I enquired of the comandante, and of others, whether any case had come to their knowledge in that district in which the



puma had shown anything beyond a mere passive friendliness towards man; in reply they related the following incident, which had occurred at the Saladillo a few years before my visit: The men all went out one day beyond the frontier to form a *cercos*, as it is called, to hunt ostriches and other game. The hunters, numbering about thirty, spread themselves round in a vast ring and, advancing towards the centre, drove the animals before them. During the excitement of the chase which followed, while they were all engaged in preventing the ostriches, deer, &c., from doubling back and escaping, it was not noticed that one of the hunters had disappeared; his horse, however, returned to its home during the evening, and on the next morning a fresh hunt for the lost man was organised. He was eventually found lying on the ground with a broken leg, where he had been thrown at the beginning of the hunt. He related that about an hour after it had become dark a puma appeared and sat near him, but did not seem to notice him. After a while it became restless, frequently going away and returning, and finally it kept away so long that he thought it had left him for good. About midnight he heard the deep roar of a jaguar and gave himself up for lost. By raising himself on his elbow he was able to see the outline of the beast crouching near him, but its face was turned from him and it appeared to be intently watching some object on which it was about to spring. Presently it crept out of sight, then he heard snarlings and growlings and the sharp yell of a puma, and he knew that the two beasts were fighting. Before morning he saw the jaguar several times, but the puma renewed the contest with it again and again until morning appeared, after which he saw and heard no more of them.

Extraordinary as this story sounds, it did not seem so to me when I heard it, for I had already met with many anecdotes of a similar nature in various parts of the country, some of them vastly more interesting than the one I have just narrated; only I did not get them at first hand and am consequently not able to vouch for their accuracy; but in this case it seemed to me that there was really no room for doubt. All that I had previously heard had compelled me to believe that the puma really does possess a unique instinct of friendliness for man, the origin of which, like that of many other well-known instincts of animals, must remain a mystery. The fact that the puma never makes an unprovoked attack on a human being or eats human flesh, and that it refuses, except in some very rare cases, even to defend itself,

does not seem really less wonderful in an animal of its bold and sanguinary temper than that it should follow the traveller in the wilderness, or come near him when he lies sleeping or disabled, and even occasionally defend him from its enemy the jaguar. We know that certain sounds, colours, or smells, which are not particularly noticed by most animals, produce an extraordinary effect on some species; and it is possible to believe, I think, that the human form or countenance, or the odour of the human body, may also have the effect on the puma of suspending its predatory instincts and inspiring it with a gentleness towards man, which we are only accustomed to see in our domesticated carnivores or in feral animals towards those of their own species. Wolves, when pressed with hunger, will sometimes devour a fellow wolf; as a rule, however, rapacious animals will starve to death rather than prey on one of their own kind, nor is it a common thing for them to attack other species possessing instincts similar to their own. The puma, we have seen, violently attacks other large carnivores, not to feed on them, but merely to satisfy its animosity; and, while respecting man, it is, within the tropics, a great hunter and eater of monkeys, which of all animals most resemble men. We can only conclude with Humboldt that there is something mysterious in the hatreds and affections of animals.

W. H. HUDSON.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

THE 'History of Buns' is still to be written. As many people may remember, the old antiquary Bryant derived 'bun' from *βοῦν*, the accusative of *βοῦς*, an ox or cow, because, in his opinion, crescent-shaped buns were originally representations of the cow's horns. Hence, by an easy transition, old Bryant advanced to the crescent moon, to Io, who was changed into a cow; and, in fact, wandered wherever he pleased. But he forgot to say why our ancestors chose a Greek word for a cow or a cake, and this neglect was characteristic of his conjectural method. M. Gaidoz, the French *folkloriste* and Celtic scholar, has kindly sent me a little treatise on sacred cakes and buns, and above all on 'alphabetical cakes,' conceived in a scientific spirit. M. Gaidoz starts with the cake of St. Columba. When this eminent Irish saint was a child the priest took him to a neighbouring Celtic medicine man and asked questions about the lad's education. The medicine man advised the priest to write out the alphabet on a cake, which St. Columba promptly swallowed and inwardly digested. He instantly knew how to read without any further trouble; it was a saintly road to learning. M. Gaidoz believes, however, that the idea of writing the alphabet out on a cake as an encouragement to young students was a common practice, and that the miracle of instantaneous learning was peculiar to St. Columba. M. Gaidoz brings the charge against the Irish that they 'invented nothing.' They only distorted or developed ideas of Roman or Teutonic origin. Their very decorative art, the complicated, interlaced patterns of their ornaments and of their MSS., are borrowed from Roman mosaics. Their alphabet, which they write out on cakes, is only the Roman alphabet of the fifth and sixth centuries. Therefore, M. Gaidoz goes on ruthlessly to argue, the Irish not only did not invent their alphabet, but they did not even invent the idea of making alphabetic cakes useful in elementary

education. The Romans probably had the practice; thus Horace says—

Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.

These *crustula* were alphabetic cakes, and the *elements* are L, M, N—perhaps. Quintilian says ivory letters, ‘and anything of the same sort that children like even better,’ were given as playthings, and St. Jerome agrees with him. What children like even better are cakes, and I have a vague memory of eating a good many letters in gingerbread at fairs in Scotland. It was thus that Charles Mathews ‘ate his terms.’ Goldsmith, an Irishman, knew alphabetic cakes, and mentions them (gingerbread cakes they were) in the ‘Vicar of Wakefield.’ Mr. Burchell brought Mrs. Primrose’s boys a pennyworth of gingerbread each from the fair, and the cakes were given them ‘by letters at a time.’ Smollett says, in ‘Humphrey Clinker,’ ‘I will bring her the A B C in gingerbread.’ Thus these cakes, as M. Gaidoz says, like the crumbs scattered by Hop o’ my Thumb to mark his homeward way, lead us back on the track of civilisation from to-day to Goldsmith, from Goldsmith to St. Columba, and thence to Rome and the *crustula* of Horace.

\* \* \*

Everyone has noticed that where we say ‘to take French leave’ the French say *s’en aller à l’anglaise*, while both mean ‘to go off without taking leave at all.’ This is only one example of the traits which nations attribute to their neighbours out of mere prejudice. Thus the Eskimo are so called because, in the tongue of the Indian tribes hard by, the word means ‘eaters of raw flesh.’ Probably those disdainful Indians have not themselves at all times been very particular about cooking, and probably the Eskimo are no worse cooks than their censors. The ancient Greeks, in the same way, called barbarians ‘raw eaters,’ and yet they had a god of their own whom they knew as ‘the Raw Eater, Dionysus.’ What their god remained they had probably been themselves before Prometheus brought them the sacred seed of fire.

As a way of accounting for national peculiarities many tribes preserve many myths, but the Tchèque story can scarcely be very old. The Tchèques say that when the Devil was cast out of heaven he fell down on earth with such violence that his fragments flew in every direction. His head fell in Spain, and the

Spaniards are proud; his heart fell in Italy, and the Italians are amorous; his stomach fell in Germany, and we have all admired the German prowess at the *table d'hôte*; his feet fell in France, and the French are a people of dancers; while among the Slavs fell the notebook the Devil held in his hand at the moment of his accident. In that notebook the Slavs have written down all the wrongs they have ever suffered, and the book is full. Perhaps a notebook fell in Ireland also, judging from the long memory of ancestral grievances since the time of the Tuatha da Danaan. The 'Temps' gives a list of unpleasant international proverbs on this basis. The Bohemians call everything German which they do not like. The Finns say 'German faith,' as the Romans said *Punica fides*, and as the Carthaginians probably talked of 'Roman loyalty,' and as Juvenal wrote of *Græcia mendax*. In the Middle Ages English treachery was proverbial:

*Foy d'Anglais  
Ne vaut un poitevin.*

In France they call a quarrel picked without cause *querelle d'Allemand*. The Germans, more courteously, say 'France is a good friend but a bad neighbour.' But who ever heard an English proverb that 'England is the Paradise of women, the hell of horses, and the purgatory of servants'? The heaven of horses would be nearer the mark. The Russians, so remarkable for their veracity, maintain that the Greek only tells the truth once a year. Many countries—Greece, Scotland, Cyprus—boast an immunity from Jews, based on the superior canniness of the natives. The Russians say, however, that 'only a Jew can cheat a gipsy, only a Greek a Jew, and only the Devil a Greek.' While we laugh at the tubless French the French speak of 'the dirty English' and also of 'dirty Italy.' Here is a good Polish proverb: 'The Italian invents a thing, the Frenchman makes it, the German sells it, the fool of a Pole buys it, and the Russian takes it from him by force.' In settling a new country 'the Spaniard builds a church, the Frenchman a barrack, the Dutchman a factory, the Briton a public-house,' and, one may add, the Yankee a newspaper office.

\* \* \*

Talking of settling new countries, the following deed, in a notary's office in Lewisburg (U.S.), proves that the Colonists, in dealing with the Red Indians' real property, were very careful to secure sound titles to land. The deed is dated Nov. 3, 1793, and

traces the title back, as will be observed, to Adam. The document is almost as curious as the older treaties which the female chieftains of the Indians signed with the totem marks, or badges, of their clans:—

This indenture, made the ninth of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, between Clara Helena Ellinkhuysen, of the town of Lewisburg, in the township of Buffalo, in the county of Northumberland and commonwealth of Pennsylvania, widow, of the one part and Flavel Roan, of the town of Sunbury, in the county and commonwealth aforesaid, Esquire, of the other part.

WHEREAS The Creator of the Earth, by parole and livery of seizin, did enfeof the parents of mankind—to wit, Adam and Eve—of all that certain tract of land called and known in the planetary system by the name of the Earth, together with all and singular the advantages, woods, waters, watercourses, easements, liberties, privileges, and all others the appurtenances whatsoever thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining, to have and to hold to them, the said Adam and Eve, and the heirs of their bodies lawfully to be begotten, in fee-tail general for ever, as by said feoffment recorded by Moses, in the first chapter of the first book of his records, commonly called Genesis, more fully and at large appears on reference being thereunto had; and

WHEREAS The said Adam and Eve died seized of the premises aforesaid in fee-tail general, leaving issue, heirs of their bodies—to wit, sons and daughters—who entered into the same premises and became thereof seized as tenants in common by virtue of the donation aforesaid, and multiplied their seed upon the earth; and

WHEREAS, In process of time, the heirs of the said Adam and Eve, having become very numerous, and finding it to be inconvenient to remain in common as aforesaid, bethought themselves to make partition of the lands and tenements aforesaid to and among themselves, and they did accordingly make such partition; and whereas by the virtue of the said partition made by the heirs of the same Adam and Eve all that certain tract of land called and known on the general plan of the said Earth by the name of America, parcel of said large tract, was allotted and set over unto certain of the heirs aforesaid, to them and to their heirs general, in fee simple, who entered into the same and became thereof seized as aforesaid in their demesne, as of fee, and peopled the same allotted lands in severalty and made partition thereof to and amongst their descendants. And

WHEREAS Afterwards—now deemed in time immemorial—a certain united people called ‘The Six Nations of North America,’ heirs and descendants of the said grantees of America, became seized, and for a long time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary have been seized in their demesne as of fee, of and in a certain tract of country and land in the north division of America, called and known at present on the general plan of the said north division by the name of Pennsylvania; and

WHEREAS The said united nations, being so thereof seized afterwards—to wit, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six—by their certain deed of feoffment with livery seizin, did



grant, bargain, sell, release, enfeoff, alien and confirm unto Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, otherwise called the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania (among other things), the country called the Buffaloe Valley, situate on the south side of the west branch of the river Susquehanna, parcel of said country called Pennsylvania.

Thus the deed runs on down to the time of its date—1793.

\* \* \*

Possessors of old portraits, paintings, or engravings naturally wish to know something of the history of the dead people whose faces adorn our walls. I have long hunted in vain for any light on the history of Miss Benedetta Ramus, a mezzotint proof of whose beautiful likeness by Romney (1779) came into the market at the recent Addington sale at Sotheby's. The engraving, by Dickenson, is one of the most beautiful things that the art of mezzotint—almost a lost art—has left to us. Horace Walpole's copy of it is in the hands of a collector, and that which I possess belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The standard authority on those matters, Smith's 'British Mezzotints,' says nothing about the beautiful Miss Ramus, except that she married Sir John Day, an alderman. This seemed a prosaic fate for so fair and sympathetic a lady, and provoked the following set of verses:—

TO LADY DAY (*née* *BENEDETTA RAMUS*).

Mysterious Benedetta ! who  
That Reynolds or that Romney drew  
Was ever half so fair as you,  
Or is so well forgot ?  
These eyes of melancholy brown,  
These woven locks, a shadowy crown,  
Must surely have bewitched the town ;  
Yet you're remembered not.

Through all that prattle of your age,  
Through lore of fribble and of sage  
I've read, and chiefly Walpole's page,  
Wherein are beauties famous ;  
I've haunted ball, and rout, and sale ;  
I've heard of Devonshire and Thrale,  
And all the Gunnings' wondrous tale,  
But nothing of Miss Ramus.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

And yet on many a lattice pane  
 'Fair Benedetta,' scrawled in vain  
 By lovers' diamond, must remain  
 To tell us you were cruel.<sup>1</sup>  
 But who, of all that sighed and swore—  
 Wits, poets, courtiers by the score—  
 Did win and on his bosom wore  
 This hard and lovely jewel?

Why, dilettante records say  
 An Alderman, who came that way,  
 Woo'd you and made you Lady Day;  
 You crowned his civic flame.  
 It suits a melancholy song  
 To think your heart had suffered wrong,  
 And that you lived not very long  
 To be a City dame!

Perchance you were a Mourning Bride,  
 And conscious of a heart that died  
 With one who fell by Rodney's side  
 In blood-stained Spanish bays.  
 Perchance 'twas no such thing, and you  
 Dwelt happy with your knight and true,  
 And, like Aurora, watched a crew  
 Of rosy little Days!

Oh, lovely face and innocent!  
 Whatever way your fortunes went,  
 And if to earth your life was lent  
 For little space or long,  
 In your kind eyes we seem to see  
 What Woman at her best may be,  
 And offer to your memory  
 An unavailing song!

But, after all, Sir John was something better than an alderman, and Benedetta did not die early of a broken heart. A kind antiquary has found for me this brief record of the pair:—  
 'Died, June 14, 1808, at Richmond, Surrey, aged 70, Sir John

<sup>1</sup> 'I have broken many a pane of glass, marked Cruel Parthenissa,' says the aunt of Sophia Western in *Tom Jones*.

Day, late Advocate-General of Bengal, descended from a respectable family of this country, which settled in Ireland at the beginning of the 17th century.<sup>1</sup>

'Sir John Day was a man of distinguished abilities and disinterested integrity, firmly attached to his king and country; his character was not less amiable in private life than irreproachable in public. His studies were not merely professional, but extended throughout the various branches of polite literature and useful knowledge; his conversation was animated and instructive, and his manners dignified and benevolent. In his youth he was intimately acquainted with George, Lord Lyttelton, Garrick, Goldsmith, and many others of the literary world, and his death will be lamented by a numerous circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by every social charm of unaffected hospitality. *He married the eldest daughter of Nicholas Ramus, Esq., and she is left to deplore the loss of a truly affectionate and beloved husband.*'<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \*

The stage, like every other department of human activity, has its folklore and its traditional superstitions. I dare say even Cabinet Ministers have their little mystic observances and apprehensions of doing or saying unlucky things. Probably the folklore of the stage is very rich. The following examples are curious: I hope they are accurate; if not probably they will be corrected:—

1. The Ghost. 'The ghost walks,' according to some writers, when salaries are paid regularly, according to others when they are not. Whose ghost is this, and why?

2. 'It is unlucky to put up an umbrella on the stage.' Why? Probably because an umbrella implies a shower. Now, a shower of what? They threw apples at Molière, and pipe bowls, when he did not give satisfaction. Probably oranges and other missiles were also used in the wild days of the drama. Now, just as we think that to buy a pair of skates provokes a thaw, so to put up an umbrella suggests and may (in the view of the superstitious) provoke a rain of unpleasant missiles.

3. It is unlucky, in rehearsal, to pronounce the 'tag,' or final remark to the house. Nay, the very word 'tag' must be avoided, as Scotch fishermen avoid the words 'salmon,' 'pig,' and 'minister.' Why? Probably because to speak the 'tag' implies

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxviii. part i. 1808, p. 566.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, part ii. 1808, p. 654.

a presumptuous belief that the play, on the first night, will be permitted by the audience to reach its conclusion. Now this presumption is *ὕβρις*, as the Greeks said, a vaunting confidence, likely to be followed by Nemesis and the damning of the play.

4. A black cat running across the stage is lucky.

5. There are 'mascottes'—people who cannot act, but who bring luck to a company. There are also Jonahs—excellent actors, but conductors of bad luck; with them no wise artist will act.

Such is a specimen of the folklore of the stage. It is natural that actors, like anglers and gamblers, should be superstitious, for their success or failure depends on conditions which no mortal can ascertain beforehand. Why is 'Le Maître des Forges' a success? Why do trout sometimes feed so greedily in a thunderstorm? Why does one occasionally have a good day at roulette? Questions for Mr. Proctor.

ANDREW LANG.

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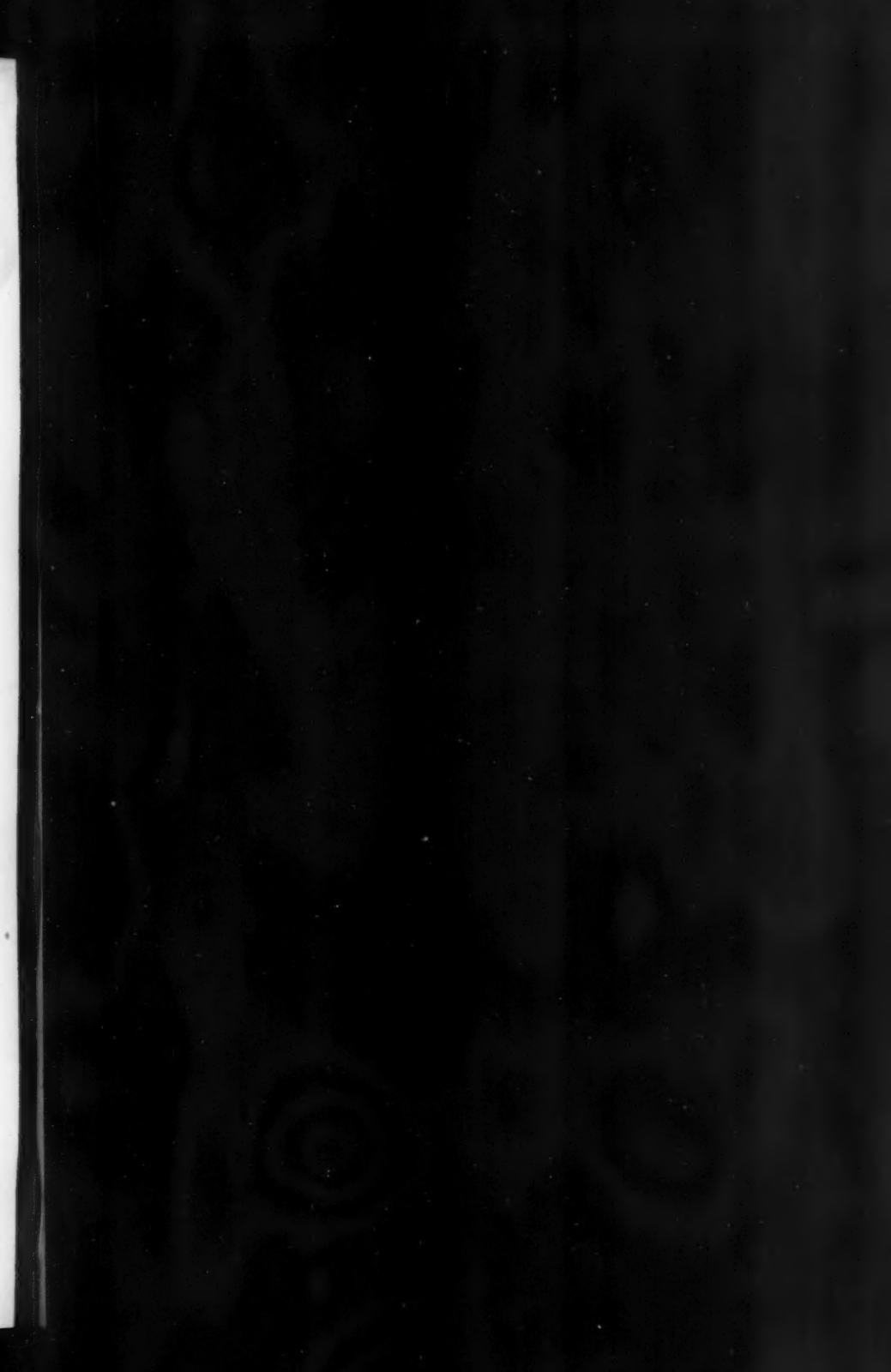
### *The 'Donna.'*

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions:  
3s. from '5%', and 5s. from Beakie.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.*







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